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THE  
RELIGIOUS POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM,  
VICAR OF CHART-SUTTON, IN KENT,  
IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD II.

ORIGINALLY IN A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT.

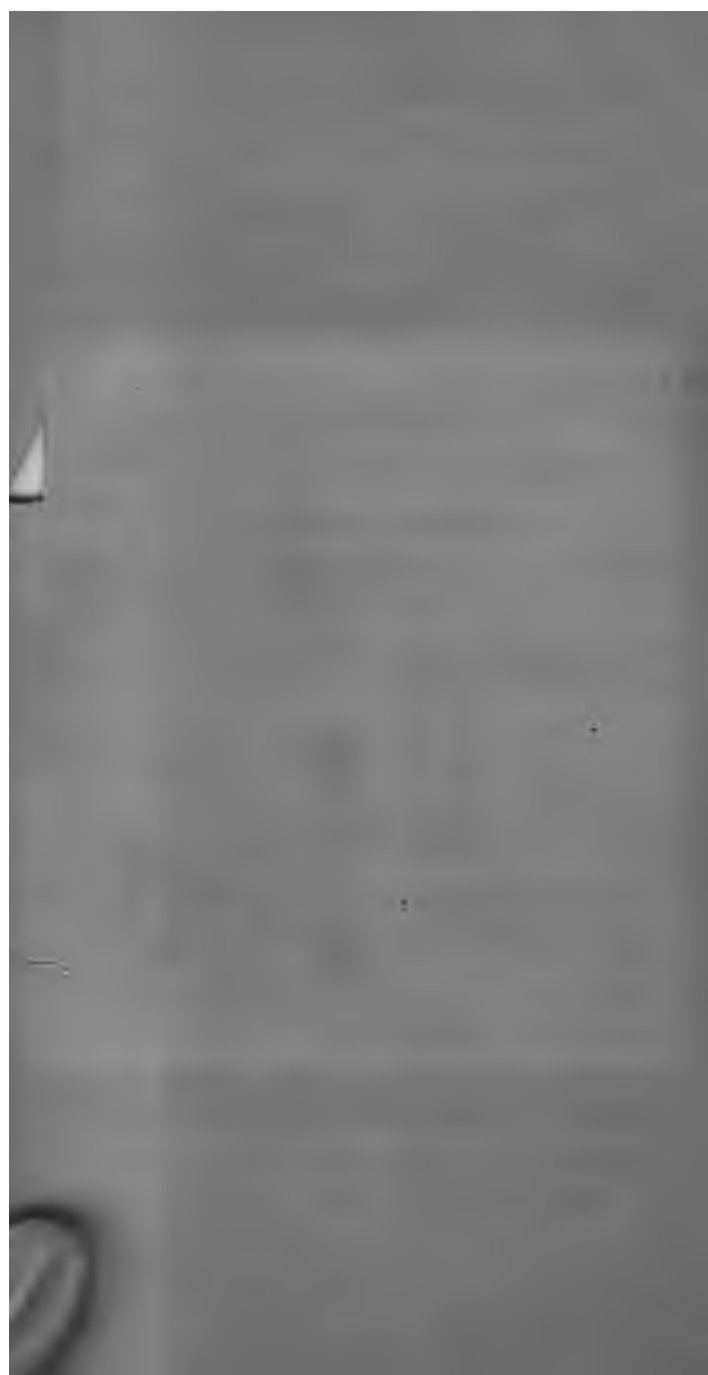
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133.



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133.

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## PREFACE.

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WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM is, as far as I know, a new name in the list of English writers. His poems are interesting in two points of view; they exhibit to us the popular doctrines of the age on subjects of religion, which alone were consigned to the vulgar tongue, and they present a good specimen of the English language as it was then spoken and written in the county of Kent. They seem to have been written by a zealous, and far from unlearned, preacher, for the purpose of enforcing the doctrines of the Church on the minds of those who were only capable of understanding them when offered in a popular form; and they offer most of the subjects of Christian doctrine which were then considered important. The first of these poems recounts and illustrates the

seven sacraments of the Catholic Church, and gives a very full description of its principal ceremonies and orders. The second is a rhyming version of some portion of the ceremonies. The third, on the ten commandments, and the fourth, on the seven sins, are short commentaries on Christian morality. The fifth is on the joys of the Virgin, a most popular subject in the middle ages. The sixth is a hymn on the Virgin, translated from Robert Grosteste. The seventh and last, in which the writer becomes at times quite philosophical, is a sort of dissertation on some of the mysteries of the Christian faith, but more especially on the doctrine of original sin.

Our information as to the author of these poems is derived from the colophons at the end of several of them, in which he is called William de Shoreham, and is stated to have been vicar of Chart near Leeds. In Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense*, p. 207, we have a charter of Walter archbishop of Canterbury, by which he impropriates the rectory of Chart-Sutton to the prior and convent of Leeds, upon which it became a vicarage, and we

learn that the first vicar admitted was William de Shoreham. The archbishop alluded to was Walter Raynolds, who held the see from 1313 to 1327. It is therefore probable that our Kentish poet, who was, no doubt, a native of Shoreham, near Otford (about four miles and a half from Seven-oaks), was originally a monk of the priory of Leeds, and he was made vicar of Chart-Sutton on the appropriation of that living to his convent by archbishop Walter. His poems may, therefore, be attributed to the reign of Edward II. It appears from one of the colophons (p. 116 of the present volume) that he was living under Walter's successor, archbishop Simon Mepham (1327-1333): and he, probably, occupied himself in the latter period of his life in collecting his poems into the very manuscript from which they are here printed, which appears to be of the beginning of the reign of Edward III. The manuscript was in private hands at the time my transcript was made; but I am not sure whether at present it be in a private, or public collection. I have every reason to believe my transcript to be a correct

one; but, unfortunately, while the present edition was passing through the press, it was not in my power to refer to the original, and to this circumstance, I trust that any errors that may have occurred in editing a text which presents many difficulties, will be attributed.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

*24, Sydney Street, Brompton.*  
*October 1849.*

---

POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM.

---

*De septem sacramentis. De psalmo, Excercitatus sum  
et defecit spiritus.*

SONDERLICHE his man astoned  
In his owene mende,  
Wanne he note never wannes he comthe,  
Ne wider he schel wende ;  
And more,  
Thet al his lyf his here i-mengde  
Withe sorwe and eke withe sore.

And wanne he deithe, ne mey me wite  
Woder he cometh to wisse ;  
Bote as a stocke ther lithe thet body,  
Withethoute alle manere blisse ;  
Wat thenkeste ?  
And hondred wynter 3ef a levethe,  
That his lyf mid the lengeste.



For weel that crye this song.

As some cryeth that heyle :

And for some cryeth

And for the gyn sene

Wit makere ;

For weel that cryeth that heyle-ward,

Wit is the gyn sene.

And for a man never in spring

As he sene hine in hine.

For him weel sene that in the school

And his hine sene hine.

Ye gyn :

As weel sene that hine sene here,

And sene weel hine sene.

For we well a gyn-ward

That sene we hine sene :

And we we sene hine sene we be the

In hine sene we hine sene.

Ye gyn :

Wit sene we hine sene we sene,

Now sene we hine sene.

We sene the gyn sene

In sene we hine sene :

As sene we hine sene, and we be the sene,

Howe sene we hine sene ?

Bi hine :

Howe may that be ? we dar ther-oppe sene,

For hine of sene sene ?

Than thy laddre nys nauȝt of wode  
 That may to hevene leste ;  
 Ac on ther his that Jacob i-seiȝe,  
 Ther he sleppe inne hys reste ;  
 Now schewe this :  
 This ilke laddre is charité,  
 The stales gode theawis.

Her-on Jhesus stawe uppe bi-fore,  
 Al for to teche ous steȝe ;  
 Nowe hyȝe, man, and ffolwȝe wel,  
 A-doun that thou ne syȝe,  
 By-weyled ;  
 For yf thou nelt nauȝt climme thos,  
 Of hevene thou hest y-fayled.

And that man lovye God and man,  
 Ase charité hyt hoteth,  
 That he so wel y-theawed be,  
 That alle men hit notethe ;  
 Wat thanne ?  
 ȝet senneles ne may he nauȝt be,  
 Ac a deythe and he not wanne.

Of brokele kende his that he deithe,  
 For hy ne moȝe nauȝt dury ;  
 And al dey he to senne falleth,  
 Her ne moȝe nauȝt pury  
 Of serewnessche.  
 ȝet hope thou wel, man, for al this,  
 That goȝde lyf wole the wessche.

For dethe ne falle nauȝt into wanhope,  
 For God himself for the deide,  
 The thridde day he aros aȝeyn  
 Of the throuȝ ther men hine leyde ;  
                   Ine tokene  
 That, man, thi body arise schel,  
 Of deithe nammore to blokne.

The Bible seythe that mannys blodis  
 Hys ryȝt ther saule giste ;  
 And water wasscheth the felthe away,  
 Ther me wesscheth by liste  
                   The onsounde ;  
 To wesschen ous Cryst schedde his blod  
 And water out of hys wonde.

Here-of spronge the sacremens  
 Of holy chyrche digne ;  
 And his to segge sacrament  
 Of holy thyngne signe,  
                   For gode.

Hou myȝte fayrer signe be  
 Thane of the water and blode ?

Than thorwe that blod thi soule his bouȝt  
 Fram the fendes powere ;  
 And thorwe that water i-wessche thart  
 Of thyne sennes here.

                  Nou loke,  
 ȝoure Cristendom his tokene throf  
 Of Criste that we toke.

For ȝef thou vangest thane cristendom,  
And for than bi-left clene,  
Thou schelt be marked to thet stode,  
To wichen heven his y-mene ;  
To sothe,  
Wanne the bisschop bisschopeth the,  
Tokene of marke he set to the.

Ac cristendom hys sacrement  
Of so grete powere,  
That hit thorwe-wasscheth thane man  
Of senne in alle manere ;  
And glorie  
Hit scheppeth, ȝef man deythe,  
And schilt fram purgatorie.

And for we beth of nonn power  
To weryen ous fram schame,  
Ther der no fend acombry ous,  
Crist is mid ous to-sames  
And neade ;  
Tokene ther-of his Godes bodi  
At cherche in forme of brede.

And ȝet for man his so brotel  
Ine his owene kende,  
Thaȝ he torni to senne aȝen  
Thorwe fondynge of the feende,  
By chaunce,  
That he may come to stat aȝeyn  
Thorwe bare repentaunce.

Her-of we habbeth tokene gode,  
 Wanne we fangeth penaunce;  
 For sennes that we habbeth i-done,  
 To pyne allegaunce

Ine fere,  
 For ther we scholde hit under-go  
 Sote we pinede hit here.

That man ne falle ine wanhope  
 A-last withoute bote,  
 Al that he heth i-senoged her  
 With honden and with fozte,  
 Wyth thouthe,  
 Mouthe, nase, and eyzen, and with sijt,  
 Eliinge brengeth hit to nougte.

zet some hethe suche devocioun,  
 That hym thingthe he his al ydel,  
 For to libbe commun lif,  
 Bote zef he hedde a brydel ;  
 Wet thinge  
 Of harder stat God graunteth  
 Wel tokne throw; his ordiinge.

zet that man mowe nauzt lecherie  
 For-bere to donne in dede ;  
 zet ne schal he nauzt be for-lore,  
 For God zefthe hym to rede  
 Spousynge ;  
 Tokene throf his the weddinge  
 At cherche and bitere wynges.

Cristendom, and bisschoppynge,  
Penauns, and eke spousinge,  
Godes body ine forme of bred,  
Ordre, and aneliinge,

Thes sevene

Heth holi cherche sacremens,  
That beth tokenen of hevene.

God wescht, and marketh,  
And forȝefth, and joyneth men an wyves,  
And frevereth thorwe his body man,  
And grace sent, and lyves ;  
ge, wanne ?

Wanne we taketh the sacremens,  
Thar we seth hit thanne.

That we ne mowe hyt nauȝt i-se,  
Ne forthe ine bodie inrede,  
We sethe hit wel ine oure fey,  
And fredeth hit at nede,  
Wel eȝathe,

God thorwe miracles ketheth hit  
A-lyve and eke a-dethe.

And bote he thorwe hys sacramens  
Ous thos bi-redde,  
Ne scholde we of his grace wite  
Wanne we hit toke and hadde,  
To wisse ;

Ther-fore he that bi-lefeth hit nauȝt,  
Riȝt wyt neth he of none blisse.

Al hit beth in these cherche sacremens,  
 Thet tokeneth holi thynges,  
 As hali water, and haly bred,  
 Ligt, and bel-ryngynges  
 To leste ;  
 And of alle other sacremens  
 Thes sevene beth the greste.

*De baptismo.*

Cristendom his that sacrament  
 That men her first fongeth ;  
 Hit openeth ous to the hevene blisse  
 That many man after longeth  
 Wel sore ;  
 For who that entreth ther,  
 He his sauffe evere-more.

Nou first ich wille telle 3ou  
 Wet may be the materie,  
 Wer-inne cristninge may be mad,  
 That bringeth ous so merie  
 To honoure.  
 Higt mo3t be do ine kende water,  
 And non other licour.

Ther-fore ine wine me ne may,  
 Inne sithere, ne inne pereye,  
 Ne ine thinge that nevere water nes,  
 Thor3 cristninge man may reneye,  
 Ne inne ale ;  
 For-thie higt were water first,  
 Of water neth hit tale.

Ne mede ne forthe no other licour  
That chaungeth wateres kende,  
Ne longeth nauȝt to cristendom,  
Thaȝt some foles hit wende  
For wete ;  
For suich is kendeliche hot,  
Thaȝt ther no feer hit ne hente.

Ac water is kendeliche cheld,  
Thaȝ hit be warmd of fere ;  
Ther-fore me mey cristni ther-inne,  
In whaut time falthe a gere  
Of yse ;  
So mey me nauȝt in ewe ardaunt,  
That neth no wateris wyse.

Also me may inne sealte se  
Cristny wel mitte beste ;  
And eke inne othere sealte watere,  
Bote me in to moche keschte  
Of sealte ;  
For ȝef that water his kende lest,  
That cristninge stant te-tealte.

Ac ȝyf ther were y-mengd licour  
Other wid kende watere,  
Ich woȝt wel thrinne to cristnye  
Hit nere nefur the betere,  
Ac wonde ;  
For bote that water his kende have,  
That cristnynges may nauȝt stonde.



In water ich wel the cristny her,  
As Gode himself hyt dizte ;  
For mide to wessche nis nothyng,  
That man cometh to so lizte,  
In londe ;  
Nis non that habben hit ne may,  
That habbe hit wile founde.

This bethe the wordes of cristninge  
Bi thyse Englische costes,  
“Ich cristin the in the Vader name,  
And Sone, and Holy Gostes,  
And more”.  
Amen! wane hit his i-sed ther-toe  
Confermeth thet ther to-fore.

The wordes scholle be i-sed  
Witheoute wane and eche ;  
And onderstand hi more bi sed  
In alle manere speche,  
Ine lede ;  
That everich man hi sigge more,  
And cristny for nede.

Ac gif man scholde i-cristnid be,  
That neth none deathes signe,  
The pope for te cristny hyne  
So nere nauzt to digne  
The leste ;  
Ther-fore hi beth in cherche brouzt,  
To cristny of the preste.

Ac he that ȝif so large water  
The fend fram ous to reave,  
In nede for to crystny men,  
ȝef alle men i-leave,  
At felle ;  
Olepi me mot hym depe ine the water,  
And eke the wordes telle.

And wanne hi cristneth ine the founȝt,  
The prestes so thries duppeth,  
In the honor of the Trinité,  
Ac gode ȝeme kepeth  
The ned ;  
On time a clothe that water i-kest,  
Ac ope the hevede to bede.

Ac water i-kest another love  
Cristneth the man alyve,  
Ac hit his sikerest in the heeved  
Ther beth the wittes fyve,  
Wel, brother,  
Ne non ne may i-cristened be,  
Ar ȝe his boren of moder.

ȝet gret peryl hy undergothe  
That cristneth twyes enne,  
Other to ȝeve asent ther-to,  
Other for love of kenne  
For-hedeth ;  
Wanne child ariȝt cristnynghe heth,  
And that other nauȝt for-bedeth.



That on his cleped cristninge of blode,  
Wanne suche bledeth for Criste ;  
That other of the Holi Gost,  
That moze mid none liste  
Be i-cristned ;  
And deyeth so wanne hi beth deede,  
In hevene hi beth i-gistned.

The children atte cherche dore  
So beth y-primisined ;  
And that hi beethe eke atte fount  
Mid oylle and creyme alyned,  
Al faylleth ;  
Hiȝt wortheth cristnyng,  
And that child ther-to hit availleth.

*De confirmacione.*

Confermyng his a sacrement,  
And other that we foungeth ;  
And wanne a man hit ondervangeth  
Ine saule hit hine straungeth  
Wel lizte.  
For wanne a man y-maked his,  
The stronger he his to fyȝte.

And be thou siker that mannes lyf  
Is riȝt a kniȝthod ine londe ;  
And so seythe Job, the holy man ;  
Now wote we thanne stonde  
To fiȝte ;  
The feend, that flesche, and eke the wordle,  
Aȝeins ous beth i-diȝte.

The feend with prede acombreth ous,  
 With wrethe, and with envie ;  
 That fleische with slouthe and glotonie,  
 And eke with lecherie,  
                           Thou wyse ;  
 The wordle, with here falȝse scheawinge,  
 Schent ous with coveytise.

Ac he that ine saule is strang,  
 That he with-stent hi alle,  
 And hardeliche hert othre men,  
 A-doun that hi ne falle,  
                           Ac stonde ;  
 So his i-hert thorȝ confermynge of gode,  
 That for dethe nele nauȝt wonde.

Nou ich mot of this sacrement  
 ȝou telle the materie,  
 That maketh man so hardiliche  
 To stonde ane so merie  
                           Ine goste,  
 That he ne may nauȝt y-weid be  
 With blanding ne with boste.

Hit his the oyle and baume y-menge,  
 I-blessed, and wile lestne ;  
 For oyle smereth thane champion  
 That me ne schel on him evel festne,  
                           Ne presse ;  
 And baume his riche and tokened looȝ  
 Of thare holy prowesse.

A prince longeth for to do  
The gode kniȝtes doobbynge ;  
And so a prince of Godes ost  
Schel do the confermynge,  
None loȝer ;  
Therfore hit mot a bisschoppe be,  
Nis non ther-to yn oȝer.

That me wasche men over the fant  
After confirmement,  
Nis nauȝt do bote for that honour  
Of thilke sacrement,  
Soe here ;  
Ther-fore me wescht and kerfy thane clout,  
And berneth him in the fure.

The bisschop these wordes seth,  
And beth wordes of selthe,  
“Ich signi the with signe of croys,  
And with the creme of hele  
Confermi”.

Ine the foreheved the crouche a set,  
Felthe of fendes to bermi.

In the foreheved he croucheth hine,  
That hine be aschamed bote ;  
Bote for to bi-knowe Cristes name,  
Withoute alle manere doute,  
And with ginne,  
Thorwe creymie anynt straunge he bi-comthe,  
His sauvement to winne.

Ac hou his hit ther bethe so fele  
Confermed of mankenne,  
And ther so feawe stondeth styf  
To fyttē azenis senne

Maligne ?

For hi ne fongeth nouȝt that thing,  
Bote the bare signe.

The signe his of the sacrement,  
Mid creyme the markynge ;  
Ac thing that ther bi-tokned his,  
Strengthe his that God schel bringge  
Amonge ;  
Withoute god fey and god wil,  
Mey non this thinge ounderfonge.

Ac nou that wil that is to gode  
His al i-set bi-hinde ;  
And thi bi-leave of Jhesu Crist  
His nou al weverinde,  
Undigne ;  
Ther-fore ne habbeth that thing  
Nauȝt bote the bare signe.

Ac thare children take that thinge  
In hare chilhod so povre :  
Hit leseth wanne hi cometh to wit,  
Thourȝ hare misaventure  
Of senne ;  
Anon the foend fondeth hy so,  
And he ne spareth nanne.

That deth that hi nastondeth nouȝt,  
    Ac eche othren aschrencheth ;  
Ac ȝif hy mowe ȝet stonde bet,  
    Wanne hi ham bet bi-thenketh  
        To leve,  
And do ham to devocioun,  
    ȝef God ham strengthe ȝive.

And thanne Gode that his so god  
    Anon hi stronge maketh,  
As hi habbeth devocioun,  
    And hie God fey taketh,  
        Reversed ;  
And al his thorȝ that sacrament,  
    Theiȝe hit ne be nauȝt rehersed.

For wanne we taketh this sacrament,  
    His soule prente taketh ;  
And that hi nefer mo for-lest,  
    Nauȝt hi that God for-saketh,  
        Ac hine healdeth ;  
Ine stat that sacrament ine man,  
    Wanne ȝe ine Gode by-aldeth.

And as thys ylke sacrament  
    Her thyng and toke hiis signe,  
So habbeth the othere sacramens  
    Syxȝe that bethe so digne,  
        Crystnyng,  
Her signe, droppynge in the water,  
    And thyng hiis for-ȝemyng.



Thys ylike sygne, and eke thys thyng,  
Ine oure childhode we ȝyt toke,  
Ac afterward we lore that thyng,  
Tho we to senne toke

By wylle ;

Amend we the prente lefth  
Ine oure saule wel stille.

Hym selve no man hebbe schel  
To the bischoppyng,  
Ine tokne of febleste of hiis goste,  
Another schel him brynge,  
And lefte ;  
Ase he ne miȝte nauȝt himself  
To confermyng crefte.

Ac her ich segge aperteliche  
Thys men and eke this wyves,  
That hi ne hebbe hare oȝe child  
By hare quicke lyves,  
And rede ;  
For ȝef hy dothe man and hys wyfe,  
Ther draweth God sibrede.

Of seve sacremens thre  
Prente ine herte maketh ;  
That beth cristnyng, and confermyng,  
And ordre that men taketh  
Wel blithe ;  
That hy ne take hiis for no man,  
Bote one-lepy sythe.

*De sacramento altaris.*

Nou hyȝt by-valth to telle ȝou,  
 And so ich moȝt wel nede,  
 Of Godes flesche and eke hys blode  
 At cherche ine forme of brede  
 And wyne ;  
 That frevereth ous in oure exil,  
 And lytheth oure pyne.

Hȝe blithe myȝten hy be  
 That folwede Cryst in londe,  
 That myȝte hyne eche day y-se,  
 Hiis swete love to fonde,  
 Ine keththe ;  
 So mowe we be for ous ner he,  
 Hy faylled never seththe.

For tho hiis tyme was y-come  
 No lenge to dwelle here,  
 That wete brede and honde he toke,  
 Ther he set atte soupere,  
 And seyde,  
 "Taketh and eteth, thys hiis my body,"  
 Of sothe he ham aneyde.

For-wy hyȝt moste nedes be  
 Al sothe that he sede,  
 That alle thynges his ase he seith,  
 Thys resoun wole the rede,  
 To dede,  
 He seyde to al the worlde be,  
 And al was ase he sede.

Nammore maystrye nys hiȝt to hym  
 To be ine bredeſ lȝche,  
 Thane hym was ine the liche of man,  
 To kethen ous hiis ryche ;  
                                   Thet maketh  
 That hy beth alle mis-by-leved,  
 That other throf for-saketh.

The fend hymself him maky mey  
 Wel dyverse liknynges,  
 Of best, of men, and of wymmen,  
 And mani other thynges,  
                                   To nusy ;  
 Wel bet may Gode to oure prou  
 Dyverse formes usy.

Tho that the bred y-tourned was  
 Into hys body sylve,  
 He toke the coppe, with the wyne and water,  
 And seide eft to the twelve  
                                   Y-vere,  
 “ Taketh and drynketh everechon  
 Of this chalice here.

“ Thys hys my chalis of my blode  
 Of testament nywe,  
 That schal be schad for manye men,  
 And ase we seyȝeth gode and trewe  
                                   And kende ;  
 And doth ȝe thos wanne ȝe hyt dothe,  
 Doth hyt in ȝoure mende.”

Tho that he sede, "doth ȝe thos,"

The heyȝe kyng of hevene,

He ȝaf ham power to don hyt,

And forth power to ȝevene,

Wel werthe,

That he ne toke Judas out,

The worste man on erthe.

And that power hys y-ȝive

Fram bysschoppe to preste,

And so schel al so longe be,

Ase cristyndom schel leste,

Y-mete ;

Seththe Crist four ous an orthe come,

He nolde ous nauȝt for-lete.

Thaȝ he her were inne, hys manhode

Amanges ous to flotie,

ȝet nere he nauȝt thanne ous so nez,

Ase nou we mowe hym notye

In Gode ;

We honorieth hyne al i-holliche

Ine flesche and eke ine blode.

Wat may amounti that he wyle

So by-come oure fode,

Chaungeth he nauȝt ase othere mote

Into oure flesche and blode,

By kende ?

Nay, ac he chaungeth ous in hym,

To maky ous gode and hende.

And ase Gode there his hole men mete,  
 And sike hyt by-swiketh,  
 So his the mete dampnacion  
 To hem that senne liketh  
 To holde ;  
 So he hyt tok and his lore,  
 Judas, that Jhesus solde.

Ther-fore ich segge a Godes half  
 To alle crystyne folke,  
 That wanne hy scholle y-houseled be,  
 That hy ne be abolke  
 In prede ;  
 Let ounde and wrethe and coveytynge,  
 Sleuthe and lestes on lede.

Nys none of wymman beter i-bore  
 To seint Johan the Baptyste,  
 And zet he quakede wel arȝ  
 Tho he touchede Crist  
 In the flomme ;  
 Thanne auȝte we wel aryȝt to be,  
 To fange hym on tromme.

Ther-fore ȝef that ȝe fredeth ȝou,  
 That he ne be nauȝt digne  
 For te be housled wyth thys body  
 Ine this thre holy signe,  
 Wyth-draweth ;  
 For wo that hyȝt taketh ondygneliche,  
 Hys jugement he gnaȝeth.

May som man segge, hou schal me so  
Fram ther houslynge dwelle,  
Wanne God self aperteliche  
Seith ous in the Gospelle,  
Wel to mende,  
“ Who that eteth my flesch and drynketh my blod,  
Heth lyf withoute ende.”

That thou take hyt wyth the mouthe,  
Ne myd teth ther-on ne werche,  
Thou takest hyt, man, 3ef that thou art  
A lyme of holy cherche,  
To blysse,  
Wanne eny prest his messe syngeth,  
I-lief hyt myd y-wysse.

For on hys Godes flesch to nemme,  
Ase mouthe the mete taketh,  
Another ase the mete y-3ete  
Into the membres taketh ;  
Ac here,  
Cryst hys that heved, the prest the mouthe,  
The lymes that folke i-vere.

And ase the bred to-gadere comthe  
Of menye greynys to-bake,  
And ase the wyne to-gadere flouthe  
Of manye greyns y-take,  
I-lyke,  
Cryst and hiis membrys, men,  
O body bethe ine mystyke. .

Wet hys mystyke né mey non wete  
 Be nothyng a-founde,  
 Bote wanne ther hys o thyng y-ked,  
 Another to onderstonde

Ther-inne ;

Hy that aredeth thyse redeles,  
 Wercheth by thilke gynne.

So wane that body hym hys ked  
 Of swete Jhesu Cryst,  
 Me may wel onderstonde ther,  
 By thulke selve lyste,

An other ;

Cryst and eke alle holy men  
 Beth o body, my leve brother.

Ther-fore guod beth this sacrement  
 Y-mad of suiche thynges,  
 That myzte of manye make on,  
 As Cryst and hys derlynges

I-monge ;

Thenne scholde hy at oue be,  
 In love that scholde hyt fonge.

Nou onderstand the signe her  
 Fourme hys of wyne and brede ;  
 Noble hys that thyng, ryzt Cristes body,  
 And body of quike and dede ;

Ac, brother,

zet ryzte body thaȝ hyt be thyng,  
 Hyzt hys signe of that other.

Vor ase the ryȝte bodyes lemes  
Habbeth dyverse wyke,  
So habbeth ryȝt membrys eke  
Of the body ine mystyke,  
That weldeth ;  
Hys honden men beth that wel doth,  
The fet that wel op-heldeth.

Alle taketh that ryȝt body  
Thyse men at hare houslynge ;  
Ac some to prou, and some to lere,  
Ine wyl of seneȝyngne,  
To derye ;  
Ac one Gode aryȝt hyt nometh,  
That body ine hys mysterye.

Ac thaȝ we be tokned ther  
Ine oure Sauveoure,  
Ne lef thou nauȝt the we be ther,  
Ne forthe nauȝt of oure  
That were ;  
Thaȝ ther be tokned thynges two,  
Ther nys bot o thyng there.

And that hys swete Jhesu Cryst  
Ine flesche and eke ine bloude,  
That tholede pyne and passoun,  
And diath opene the roude,  
Wel soure ;  
Ne lef non other Cryste, man,  
For safour ne coloure.



For that colour, ne that savour,  
Ne beth nauȝt ther-inne Cryste,  
Thaȝ he ther-inne schewe hym,  
By hys myȝtefolle lyste,  
So couthe ;  
Ne myȝte elles bet be seȝe,  
Ne beter yuȝred inne mouthe.

For ȝef he schewed hym in flesche,  
Other ine blody thyng,  
Hydous hyȝt were to the syȝte,  
And to the cast wlatynge,  
And pyne ;  
Thanne hys hyt betere in fourme of brede,  
And eke in forme of wyne.

For bred strengeth the herte of man,  
And wyn hys herte gledeth ;  
And strengthe longeth the body,  
And blice the saule fedeth,  
And nede ;  
Ther-fore hys double sacrement,  
Of wyne and eke of brede.

For he y-brout heth oure body,  
Into os he let hys sinke ;  
And vor the saule ine the blod,  
Hys blod he let os drynke ;  
Nou wost,  
Wyther hys double sacrement,  
For note of body and gost.

Ac wen nauȝt that Cryst be to-schyft,  
Thaȝ he scheweth ine bothe,  
To wene hys body wythoute blod,  
By tha weye ne gothe,  
To thryfte ;  
For ther he hys, he hys al y-hol,  
Ne mey ine hym to-schifte.

Theȝ ther te breke aȝe ine the mouth,  
Other ine thyne honden,  
Hyt nas nauȝt he that hys to-broke,  
Ensample thou myȝt fonden  
To slyfte ;  
In a myrour thou myȝt fol wel thi-selve se,  
Bote nauȝt the ymage schepte.

By thyse ensample thou myȝt y-se  
He hys ine echautere ;  
Y-hol the prest hys messe syngeth,  
Theȝ he ne be nauȝt y-here,  
Ac wykke,  
Ase ther beth foles swiche fele  
Y-sawe al to thykke.

Ac thaȝ the prest hys messe do  
Inne dedleche senne corse  
Thet sacrement, man, be thou syker,  
For hym nys nase worse ;  
For loke,  
The sacrement nys nathe wors,  
Thaȝ that Judas hyt toke.

Ac thaȝ hyt be never the wors  
 That sacrement an honde,  
 The bone that swych prest ther byȝt  
 No stel ne schel hym stonde,  
 Ac derye ;  
 For he despyseth Jhesu Cryst,  
 Wanne he hym scholde herye

And ȝyf thou wylt tak hyt to prou,  
 For the and thyne freende,  
 Ryȝt repentaunt and ryȝt devout  
 Take hys death in thy meende,  
 Naut lyȝt ;  
 The more thou thenkest so on hys death,  
 The more hys thy meryte.

Manne, wanne thyt takest ase other mete,  
 Into thy wombe hyȝt sedlyth ;  
 Ac ne defith nauȝt ase thy mete,  
 Wyth thyne flesch medlyth,  
 Ac kevereth  
 Al other wyse, and so thy body  
 And thy saule hyȝt frevereth.

Nabyd hyȝt nauȝt ase other mete  
 Hys tyme of defyyngge ;  
 And ryȝt anon hyȝt frevereth  
 In thare oundervanginge,  
 Destresse,  
 Of syke men, thaȝ hy hyt keste of,  
 Ne helpeth hyt nauȝt the lasse.

For yf the syke man hys gode  
In the leve of holy cherche,  
Theȝ he hyȝt cast op, hyt byleſth  
Sauvacion to werche,  
Ryȝt there ;  
For al at ones he mey be god,  
Ther and elles-were.

He ſoffreth wel to be keſt op,  
And ȝet to be honoured ;  
Ac he ſoffreth noȝt to be to-trede,  
And of beſtes devoured,  
And neade ;  
Aſe he by-leve aſsayth in fleſche,  
He aſsayth ine forme of brede.

That body hyȝt hys naȝt that ther comthe op,  
ȝef that a man hyȝt keſte ;  
For al ſo longe hyt hys that body,  
Aſe forme of brede ſchel leſte  
Ine manne ;  
ȝet thaȝ the fourme of brede to-go,  
That body by-leſth hȝet thanne.

And ȝyf he paſſeth nauȝt fram ous,  
Wanne wey aryȝtt hym healdeth,  
That vod hys for to take hym efte,  
Ther wyle he ous ſo wealdeth,  
For mende  
Of hys dethe and hys paſſyon,  
Aſe he heth hit atte hys ende.

Of pure wete hyt mot be,  
And eke of pure wyne,  
Thet schel be to thys sacrement  
Ryȝt of the grape of wyne  
I-lete;  
For Jesus seyth the vygne be hys,  
And eke the greyn of wete.

And ȝef mannes devocioun slaketh,  
Wanne he by-bealdeth,  
For hyt thinkth bote other bread  
An-hea; that the prest healdeth;  
By-thenche hym  
Of the vertue that ther hys,  
That non errour adrenche hym.

And tak ensaumple of that he kneuth,  
The preciouſe ſtone,  
Thaȝ he lygge amange othere y-lyche,  
Me honoureth hym alone,  
So swete;  
Mid al thy wyl ther vertue hys,  
God ſelf ine ſacrement y-mete.

Namore ne greveth hyt Jhesus,  
Thane ſonne i-trede in felthe,  
Thaȝ eny beſt devoured hyt,  
Other eny other onſelthe,  
Ech ſcreade;  
ȝet al ſo longe hys Godes body,  
Aſe leſt the fourme of breade.

And al so longe hyt hys blod,  
 Ase lest the forme of wyne ;  
 Nauȝt of fynegre kende chald,  
 Ne offe water droppynge of wyne ;  
 Ac trye,  
 So lyte water schel be me[n]gd,  
 That wyne habbe the maystrye.

For water self nys nauȝt that blod,  
 Ac hyt hys an y-lyke,  
 Ine folke that torneth al to Cryst,  
 Ine the body of mystyke ;  
 Nou, brother,  
 I-lef al thys ine gode fey,  
 For hit may no thyng be sother.

*De penitencia.*

Wane man after hys crystendom  
 Heth auȝt i-do wyth wronge,  
 Penaunce hyt hys a sacrement  
 That men scholde fonge,  
 Ande mote ;  
 Penaunce heth maneres thre,  
 Thorȝ sorȝe, schryfte, and edbote.

Thy sorwe for thyne senne, man,  
 Mot be ine gode wylle,  
 That hy ne be nauȝt ine wanhope,  
 That made Judas to spylle ;  
 Ac crye  
 Mercy to swete Jhesu Cryst,  
 Mid wyl to lete folye.

And ȝet thy wylle mot be so gret,  
 And ine so gode faye,  
 That thou wenst thou noldest seneȝi eft,  
 Ther-fore theȝ thou scholdest deye,  
 Ine wytte ;  
 For ȝef thou woldest for death hyt do,  
 Thy sorȝe hys al to lyte.

Theȝ sorȝe bele man anon  
 Of velth of sennes slyme,  
 ȝet thanne were hyt nauȝt i-nouȝ,  
 The fore sorwy on tyme,  
 Ac evere,  
 Ase longe ase, man, thy lyf y-lest,  
 Elles senne may be kevere.

For so, man, senne greveth in the,  
 And eke in alle thyne,  
 That wed schel grewen over the corn,  
 Wythoute medicyne  
 Of sorȝe ;  
 Nou her-on thenche, man, day and nyȝt,  
 An even and a morwe.

Thench thourȝ thy senne thou hest i-lore  
 Thy blys of hevene-ryche,  
 An heth i-wrethed thane kyng  
 That non hys y-liche ;  
 And here,  
 Thou hest of-served dygnelyche  
 The pyne of helle vere.

Draȝ into mende that hydous sigt  
 Of deade men a bere,  
 That nadde never deade i-be,  
 ȝef senne of Adam nere,  
                                     Bye drytte ;  
 ȝet thou aȝtest habbe more hydour  
 Of thyne oȝene unryzte.

Myd sucher sorȝe schryfte, man,  
 Wel style an nothyngeloude ;  
 For repentaunce ondeth the hel,  
 And schreft hyt mot out-treude,  
                                     Al clene ;  
 For ȝef aȝt lefth that treude myzt,  
 God so thou schelt y-wenne.

Ne non ne may hym schryve aryzt,  
 Bote ȝef he hym by-thoȝte  
 Of sennes that he beth y-do,  
 And hys lyf al thorȝ soȝte  
                                     To kenne ;  
 Ac manie dosper to the prest  
 Al one by-seȝe of senne.

And understand that al i-hol  
 Mot be thy schryfte, brother ;  
 Naȝt tharof a kantel to a prest,  
 And a kantel to another ;  
                                     And thanne  
 Tele ȝef thou myzt by-thenche the  
 Wet hou and wer and wanne.



And ȝef thou wylt, man, thorȝ thy schryft  
 Lat thy senne al a-drouȝe,  
 Ne wynd thou naut thy senne ine selke,  
 Ac telle out al that rouȝe,  
     Tys laȝe ;  
 ȝef thou wenst seie, and nast no prest,  
 Schryf the to another felawe.

Ac that ne schalt thou nevere do,  
 Bote the wantrokye of lyve ;  
 And ȝef thou comste to lyve aȝen,  
 Eft throf thou most the scryve  
     To preste,  
 That heth power to assoyly the,  
 Thorȝ power of the greste.

Thaȝ man on tyme i-healde be  
 To schryve hym a ȝere,  
 To schryve hym wanne he seneȝed heth,  
 Wel syker thynges hyt were  
     And mete ;  
 Wald ȝef he sodeynlyche deith,  
 And wald he hyt for-ȝete.

For wanne man sodeynleche deith,  
 Hys thoȝt the sorȝe tumbleth ;  
 And senne ony schryve wanne he vor-ȝet,  
 Hys senne ther be doubleth  
     To nusy ;  
 For mytter senne that he dede,  
 The sleuthe hine wyle acusy.

Man, schryf the, and wonde none schame,  
For-wy hyt hys to donne,  
A lytel schame hys betere her  
Thane overmoche eftsone ;  
To crefte  
Byvore God a domesday,  
Amang al Godes scheftē.

For thaȝ man moȝe i-sauved be  
Thorȝ bare repentaunce,  
Wanne he ne may to scryfte come,  
ȝef hym valleth that chaunce,  
So holde ;  
ȝet ne may he nauȝt y-sauved be,  
Be he hym schrive wolde.

Ther-fore thy schryfte, man, schel be  
Wythoute stoneynge,  
Myd herte loȝ, and, ȝef thou myȝt,  
Myd thyn eȝene wepynge,  
In treuthe ;  
Thet ther be non ypocrysye,  
Bote repentaunce and reuthe.

And ȝyf that thou to schryfte comff  
Ine thyse manere to fare,  
The schryft-vader that varth aryȝt  
Schal be wel debonayre,  
And loȝe ;  
He schel wystlyche thy senne hele,  
Bet thane he wolde hys owe.

3ef he the schel anoye agt,  
 Hyt wyle of-thenche hym sore ;  
 And otherwyl anoye he mot,  
 Wanne he scheweth the lore  
                                     Of helthe,  
 Ase mot the leche ine voule sores,  
 Wanne he royneth the felthe.

Ther-fore 3e mote tholyen hyt,  
 Wythoute alle manere tole ;  
 And do ther-by ententyflyche,  
 3yf 3e wolleth be hole  
                                     To live,  
 And to a betere beleave goth,  
 3ef 3oure prest can nau3t schryve.

Te mo prestes that thart i-schryve  
 Myd alle y-hole scryfte,  
 The clenner thert a3ens God,  
 And of the more thryfte,  
                                     Nau3t nyce ;  
 3ef hyt ne be nau3t to thy prest  
 Malice ne prejudice.

Wanne man hys repentaunt i-schryve,  
 He scholde don edbote,  
 And the ferste hys that he by-fle  
 Chypeans of sennes rote,  
                                     Ase quances ;  
 He that by-fleke wel lecherye  
 Bi-vlekth foule continuaunce.

Edbote hys dede after god conseyl  
Of gosslich medicine,  
Wanne senne sor y-clensed hys,  
To tholye a lytel pyne  
Thet frete,  
That he ne be ther-vore i-wrete  
In purgatoryes hete.

Thre maner peyne man fangeth  
For hys senne nede ;  
Senne hys that on, that other fastyng,  
The thrydde hys almesdede ;  
Ac woste,  
Sene hys and edbote y-set  
For senne do ine goste.

For senne in flesche  
Vestyng heth the flesche lothe ;  
Ac elmesdede senne bet  
Of gost and flesche bothe ;  
For thencheth,  
Thet almesdede senne quenkeith,  
Ase water that fer aquencheth.

To byddyng contemplacion  
Longeth rede ande wryte,  
To here predicacioun won  
Lore and herte smyte,  
And wreche,  
Dedes to 3yve devocioun  
To men ine holy cherche.

Knewelynge, travayl, bar-vot go,  
 Welle-ward and wakyng,  
 Discipline and lyte mete,  
 Thes longeth to vestyng,  
 And here,  
 Pelgrymage and beddyng hard,  
 Flesch fram lykyng te arere.

jeve, and lene, and conseil,  
 Clothyng, herberz, and fede,  
 Vysyty syke and prysones,  
 And helpe povere at nede ;  
 Muknesse,

For to vor-jevene trespass,  
 Tak dedes of elmesse.

And sene ȝer thou scholdest, man,  
 O dedlyche senne peyny,  
 Ther-vore al that the prest the hast  
 To done schalt thou nauȝt fyny ;  
 Ac more,  
 For onmeathe thys ther eny prest  
 That peyne set so sore.

For hy habbeth in syke of mēn,  
 Hy more sette the lesse,  
 And betere hys ffōr te apeched be  
 Of more forȝefnesse,  
 Than wreche ;  
 For ȝyf thou to lyte peyne hest,  
 Purgatorye hyt schal eche.

And yet ther hys another cas,  
That prestes 3yvet so lyte  
Penaunce, thaȝ me telle ham  
Ryȝt moche of sennes wyte,  
Ine mone ;  
Me mot ham legge lytel on,  
Other hy nolde do none.

Beter hys that hy a lyte do  
Her ine obedience,  
And fol-velle that remenaunt  
Ine purgatoryes tense,  
Eftsonne ;  
Nys nauzt god to vor-lete a man,  
That eny yinge hys wyl bone.

The bydde ich, brother, be nauȝt loth  
 To do penaunce here ;  
 For ȝet ther hys here some reles,  
 So nys nauȝt ine the vere  
Areyved ;
 Ne thoȝ the ryȝtvolnesse of God  
 Nys no sen omtheyvid.

Man, wane thou senezyst thre thou dest,  
 Thou wrethest God almyzty,  
 To holy cherche onbouxam thart,  
 Makest thy selve onryzty,  
 Thos 3e mote  
 Make thy pes wyth alle thre,  
 Sorwe, schryfte, and edbote.

**Man taketh thys sacrement,**  
**And geth away ondigne,**  
**For he ne schryfth nauȝt of thet thyng,**  
**Bote of the bare signe,**  
**To wynne ;**  
**The signe hiis that hys bote y-do,**  
**That thyng he hys grace bynne.**

**Two thynges her wythynne beth,**  
**For-ȝefthe and repentyng ;**  
**Ac repentaunce hys signe also**  
**Of sennys for-hevyng,**  
**Certayne ;**  
**For so may man repenti hym,**  
**That ther volȝeth no peyne.**

**That was i-ked wel inne the thef**  
**Ope Calvaryes felde,**  
**Tho he escusede Jhesu Cryst,**  
**And hym gelty gan ȝelde,**  
**Mid sourwe ;**  
**He deide and come to Paradys,**  
**Nabod he nauȝt fort a-morwe.**

*De uncione extrema.*

**Sacrament of aneliinge**  
**Nou her ich wolle telle,**  
**That man vangeth wane he ne wenth**  
**No lenge he myȝte dwelle**  
**A-lyve ;**  
**The bodyes evel that libbe ne meȝ,**  
**And sone hit meȝ to-dryve.**

Many for defaute deithe  
Of ther anelyyng ;  
And 3yf hys saule after hys dethe  
Soffrey harde pynyng,  
In fere,  
So scholde hy nau3t hedde he i-hed  
Ry3t elyyng here.

For seint James, in hys boke,  
Wysseth wyd gode mende,  
That 3yf eny by-falthe ry3t syke,  
The prest he scholde of-sende  
To hys ende ;  
And he schel elye hym wyth ele,  
Hys savement to wynne.

Seynt Jame seythe that orysonne  
Of ther holy by-leve,  
Of hiis siknesse helthe wynthe,  
That no fend schal reve  
The helthe ;  
And 3ef that he ine sennys be,  
For-3eve hys him that felthe.

Thys his, brother, and gret confort  
For for-3etene synnes,  
That oure foman aredy haveth  
A3eynys that we goth hennes,  
Tatuite ;  
Ac 3ef we ary3t aneleded beth,  
Hy3t gayneth ham wel lytel.



And thanne hys man aryȝt aneled,  
Wanne he myd wyl hyt taketh,  
Myd by-leve of devocioun  
And repentaunce maketh  
So digne ;  
And ȝyf he hyt othere-wyse fangeth,  
He taketh ha bote the sygne.

For the sygne of thys sacrement  
The elyngys boutē,  
That thyngge hys alleggaunce of evel,  
To lyf other diath ȝef he schel loute,  
And hennes,  
Thar he wende that thyngge is eke  
Alleggaunce of hys sennes.

And ȝet me schal anelye a man,  
Thar that he lese hys speche ;  
For wet he thencheth in hys mod  
Ne may ous no man teche ;  
Ac stronge,  
He mot habbe devocioun,  
Thet schel a-ryȝt hyt fonge.

Ther-fore this children eleth me nauȝt,  
Ne forthe none wode,  
For hy ne conne mende have  
Of thilke holy Gode ;  
Ac fonge  
The wode mey that sacrement,  
Wane reles cometh amonge.

A prest mot do thys sacrement,  
For-why hyȝt hys wel worthe ;  
And that seyde seynt James wel,  
Ther-wyle he ȝede an erthe,  
ȝe hit hedde,  
Tho ich a lite her alone  
Thes holye wordes redde.

The matyre of this sacrement  
Hys ryȝt the oylle allone ;  
And wanne the bisschop blesseth hyt,  
Baume ther-with ne megth he none  
Ther-inne ;  
For baume tokneth lyves loos,  
Oyle mercy to wyne.

For wanne man deithe, he let his lyf  
Ther the god los by-hoveth ;  
Ac senne ȝef he farthe aryȝt,  
To bi-rensy he proveth,  
To oure Lorde  
Mercy he cryth, and biddeth hym  
Mercy and misericorde.

The wordes that ther beth i-sed,  
Hyȝt beth wordes of sealthe ;  
For hy biddeth the sike man  
Of all his sennes helthe,  
In mende ;  
Ther-to me aneeth the wyttes fyȝf,  
And feȝet, and breste, and lenden.

And for the lechery syȝt  
 In lenden of the manne,  
 And, ase the boke ous seyth, hy sit  
 Inne navele of the wymman,  
 To hele,  
 Me schel the mannes lenden anelye,  
 The navele of the femele.

Thys beth the wordes wane me aneleth, —  
 “By thisse aneliinge,  
 And be hiis milse, for-ȝyve the God  
 Of thine senneȝynges,  
 Myd eyen” ;  
 And so he seyth be al hys lymes,  
 That scholle the oyle dreȝen.

Character thet is prente y-cliped,  
 Nys non of eliinge ;  
 Ne furth of penaunce ne the mo,  
 Nof housel nof spousynges,  
 In thede ;  
 For man ofter thane ones taketh  
 The sacremens for nede.

*De ordinibus ecclesiasticis.*

Nou her we mote ine this sarmon  
 Of ordre maky saȝe,  
 Ther was by-tokned suite wel  
 Wylom by the ealde lawe,  
 To a-gynne,  
 Tho me made Godes hous  
 And ministres ther-inne.

God ches folkes specilliche  
Hys holy folke amonge,  
That was the kenred of Levy,  
Offyce for to fonge,  
Ase brotheren ;  
For to servy ine Godes house  
By-fore alle the notheren.

To segge hys Levy an Englysch  
Fram the notheren y-take ;  
So beth of ordre i-take men,  
Ase wyte fram the blake,  
Of lyve ;  
Gode geve al y-ordrede men  
Wolde a-ryzt her-of schryve.

Ase ther beth of the Holy Gost  
gestes ryztfolle sevene ;  
So ther beth ordres folle sevene,  
That made Cryst of hevene  
An orthe ;  
And hedde hys ek ine hys monheth,  
Toke thou hy that were wel werthe.

The ferste hys dore-ward y-cleped ;  
The secunde redynge ;  
The thrydde hys i-cleped conjurement  
Azenys the foule thyng  
To wersiexe ;  
The ferthe acolyt hys to segge y-wys,  
Tapres to bere wel worthe.



The bisschop, wanne he ordreth thes clerekes,  
Takth hym the cherche keyze,  
And seyth, "taketh and dotheth fol wel,  
Ase wane 3e scholle deye,  
Scholde zelde  
Accounte of thet hys ther-onder clos,  
Hardyst thet wo so hyt felde."

Ine the temple, sweete Jhesus  
Thyse ordre toke at ones,  
Tho that he makede a baleys,  
And bet out for the nones,  
Y-mene,  
Tho that bouzte and sealde in Godes hous,  
That hys a hous of bene.

*De lectoribus.*

Nou ich habbe of the ferste y-teld,  
That other wyl ich trye ;  
Ine the alde laze the redere  
Rede the prophessye,  
By wokke ;  
So schulle the rederes now  
By-rede and conne on lowke.

Ther-fore ere hy thys ordre have,  
Me schel hy wel assaye  
Of that hy redeth that hy wel  
Ham conne aneye,  
For-bede  
Otheren to reden schal me nozt,  
Ac soffry hyt for nede.

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst,  
 Kedde wel that he hadde,  
 Tho he toke Ysaies boke  
 Ine the synagoge, and radde,  
 Wet welle,  
 Wet he ther redde thou myzt se  
 Ine seynt Lukes godspelle.

The byaschop wenne he ordreth thes,  
 The redyng boke hym taketh,  
 And seyth, "tak and by-come redre  
 Of word that of God smaketh,  
 And blyce  
 Schelt hadde ase god prechour,  
 3ef thou wolt do thyne offyce."

*De exorcistis.*

The thrydde ordre conjurement,  
 And was ine the ealde la3e,  
 Go dryve out develyn out of men,  
 Fram God that were dra3e  
 Alyve ;  
 Thanne he mot hadde a clene gost,  
 That schal the oneclene out-dryve.

The bisschop wane he ordreth thes,  
 Take ham boke of cristnyng,  
 Other of other conjuremens  
 A3eyns the foule thyng,  
 And seggeth,  
 "Taketh power to legge hand  
 Over ham that fendes op-biggeth."

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst kedde  
 Wel that he hedde,  
 Tho he drof develen out of men  
 That hym wel sore dredde,  
                                     The apryse  
 Ine the elde leze hyt ferst by-gan  
 Kyng Salomon the wyse.

*De accolitīs.*

The ordre fer the accolyt hys  
 To bere tapres aboute wiȝt riȝtte,  
 Wanne me schel rede the gospel  
 Other offry to oure Dryte,  
                                     To thenche,  
 That thet lyȝt by-tokneth that lyȝt  
 Thet nothyng may quenche.

And wanne that hey ordred hys,  
 The bisschop schel hym teche  
 Hou he schel lokke cherche lyȝt,  
 And wyne and water areche,  
                                     To synge,  
 In tokne taper and crowet  
 To hand me schal hym brynge.

Thet thys ordre hedde Jhesus,  
 We habbeth wel a-founde  
 By thet he seyde, "Ich am that lyȝt  
 Of alle ther wordle rounde  
                                     Aboute,  
 Wo so loketh, ne geth he nauȝt derke,  
 Ac lyt ine lyves route."



Ine the elde temple tokne was  
 Of the ordre of acolytes,  
 Tho certeyne men lyzte that lyzt,  
 Ase the laze ȝef the rytes,  
 So brode ;  
 Of weche lyzt hys y-wryte  
 Ine the boke of Exode.

*De subdiaconis.*

The ordre fifte sudeakne hys,  
 That chasteté enjoyeth;  
 For sudeakne bereth the chalys  
 To the auter and aolyveth,  
 Ande weldeth  
 Al bare and eke the corperaus  
 Onder the deakne vealdeth.

Ine the alde lawe y-hote hyt hys,  
 That hy ham scholde clensy  
 That there that vessel of God,  
 And myd water bensy,  
 By ryȝtte,  
 Clenne schel he in herte be  
 That schal the chalys diȝte.

And wanne that he y-ordred hys,  
 He taketh the chalys bare,  
 And he a-vangeth a crowet eke,  
 And a towaylle vare  
 I-nere;  
 For he schel honden helde weter,  
 That serveth to the autere.

Tho hym with a touwayle schete Jhesus

After soper by-gerte,

And water inta bacyn

Myd a wel mylde herte,

And wesschte

Al hys apostlene veet,

Thos ordre forthe he lesschte.

*De diaconis.*

Nou of the sixte telle ich schel,

That hys the ordre of deakne,

Thet hys of more perfeccioun

Thane hys ordre of sudeakne ;

He bryngeth

To honde thet the prest schel have,

Wanne he the masse singeth.

Ine the ealde lawe beren hy

The hoche of holy crefte,

And nou the stole afongeth hy

Ope here scholder lefte,

To a-gynne ;

And so for thane travaylle her,

The ryȝt half for to wyne.

And at ordres avangeth hy

The boke of the Godspelle,

For than to rede the gospel,

And sarmone for to telle,

To wake

Hȝ thet slepeth ine senne slep

Amendement to maky.

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst  
 Ine hys travayle kedde,  
 Tho he prechinde thet folke  
 To ryzte weye ledde ;  
     The thredde  
 Was tho he wakede hymself  
 The apostles for to bydde.

*De presbiteris.*

The sevende ordre hys of the prest,  
 And hys i-cleped the ealde,  
 Bote nauȝt of ȝeres, ac of wyt,  
 Ase holy wryt ous tealde;  
     For ȝeres  
 Ne maketh so nauȝt thane prest ald,  
 Ac sadnesse of maneres.

And wanne he y-ordred hys,  
 Hym falth an holy gyse,  
 Hys honden beth anynte bothe  
 Thor -out a cirowche wyse,  
     Tafonge  
 Ther-inne Godes oȝen flesch,  
 That fode is to the stronge.

He takth the helye inne of eyther half  
 Y-joynd atte breste,  
 Thet no god hap ne heȝi hyne,  
 Ne non harm hyne don deste,  
     In mode ;  
 Ac thenche on hym that tholedede death  
 For ous opone the roudede.

He takth the chalys wyth the wyne,  
 And brede of the pateyne ;  
 He heth power to sacry hyt,  
 And thet throf hys ther seyne,  
    Wel trewe ;  
 Inne the elde lawe the ordre a-gan,  
 Ine tokne of thyssere newe.

Cryst kedde that he hys a prest  
 Ryȝt in double manere ;  
 That on tho he sacreded hys body,  
 Ther he set atte sopere ;  
Thet other,  
 Tho he an roude offrede hys body  
 For ous, my leve brother.

*De prima tonsura.*

To thys ordre croune bet  
Ys an apparyblynge,  
Thet hys in holy cherche y-cleped wel  
The furste scherynge  
Of clerke ;  
Clerke hys to segge an Englysch,  
Eyr of Godes werke.

Ac Godes werke an erthe was  
The puple for to teche,  
And also thourȝ hys holy dethe  
Of sennes he was leche ;  
Thes werkes  
Men taketh after Jhesu Cryst,  
Wanne hy by-cometh clerkes.

And ȝyf hy douth wel hare dever  
 Ine thysse heritage,  
 Ne may hem falle after thys lyf  
 Nou one worth desperage,  
 To wysse,  
 Ryȝt y-marissched schelle hy be  
 Ine hevene-ryche blysse.

The croune of clerke y-opened hys,  
 Tokneth the wyl to hevene,  
 Thet habbe mot that entri schel  
 Into eny of the sevene,  
 And sedder,  
 Tokneth ase he ine ordre a-ryst  
 That hys the croune breddour.

Ther drof bischop hys digneté  
 To maky thulke sevene,  
 And hyt by-tokneth thane bisschop  
 In the bisschopriche of hevene,  
 So wrethe  
 Was and hys the pope vicary  
 I-maked here an erthe.

Thythe ordres to thys sacrement  
 By ryȝte longis scholle,  
 And that mo be that gode beth,  
 Thes maketh al that folle  
 Be a-stente ;  
 Therfore ich abbe ondo ȝou thos,  
 For thyse sacrement.

And nou ich wolle ondo thys eft  
By the wey of mystyke,  
For crystene man hys Godes hous,  
Hye mote habbe wyke  
Ther-inne,  
Nou lett ich schel onlouke thys,  
Ase God wyle grace 3yve.

Thet inewyt hys the dore-ward,  
The doren wyttys fyve ;  
He schel loky wel bysylyche  
That no lykyng in dryve.  
That stenketh ;  
That inwyt hys the reddere eke  
That holy lore thencheth.

Thet innewyt dryfth the fend away,  
Myd meende of Crystes pyne ;  
Thet inwyt lyzt ther saule lyzt  
Myd theawes gode and fyne,  
To hele ;  
Thet inwyt wescht the felthe away,  
And greydeth the fessele.

Thet inwyt redeth that gospel,  
Wane hyt herereth Crystes lore ;  
And 3et ther-to hys charge hyt berth  
Of left half swythe sore,  
To abyde  
After thys lyf the hevene blys,  
And krefte the ryzt syde.

That myghte see the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

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That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

That he the myghty myghte

Asc here ;

yet hee mys synche mynystre nou,

Thys temple stent euer.

Therfore ech man that crystene hys

Hys wyttes loky fyve,

And thenche opyn the lore of God,

And sendes fram hym dryve,

And ly3te

Myd gode thewes nl hys lyf,

And ther-to do hys my3te.

And wensche and greydy hys fessel,

And do trewlyche hys charge,

And makel offrynge of hys beden,

Myd wel to elmesse large

Thys wyke ;

Itz thys so i-sooth how eth may do

the myghte of mystryke.

The signe hys of thys sacrement  
 The bisschopes blessinge,  
 Forth myd the admynystracioun  
 That he deth atte ordyng,  
 And grace  
 Of wyt and of auctoryté,  
 Thet thyng hys ine the place.

*De matrimonio.*

Her longeth nou to thys sarmon  
 Of spousyng for to werche,  
 Thet hys the tokne of the joynyng of  
 Gode and holy cherche ;  
 And woste  
 Ryzt holy cherche y-cleped hys  
 That holy folke ine goste.

And ase ther mot atter spousyng  
 Be ryzt asent of bothe,  
 Of man, and of ther wymman eke,  
 Yn love and nauzt y-lothe,  
 I-lyche  
 By-tuixe God and holy folke  
 Love hys wel trye and ryche.

Thanne aȝte men here wyves love,  
 Ase God doth holy cherche ;  
 And wyves nauzt aȝens men  
 Non onwrestnesse werche,  
 Ac tholye,  
 And nauzt onwrost opsechem hy  
 Ne tounge of hefede holye.



Ine wlessche joyneth man and wyf  
Children to multeplye ;  
And God hath taken oure flesch  
Of the mayde Marye,  
Wel ferren,  
Ther-of springeth thet holye stren  
I-lykned to the sterren.

Wel fayr thanne hys thys sacrement,  
And marye was by-gonne,  
Tho hyt by-gan ine Paradys  
Are Adam were y-wonne  
To senne ;  
Ac so changede to vylenye  
That stat of man-kenne.

For 3ef he hedde i-healde hym,  
Ase God hym hedde y-maked,  
He hedde y-brout forthe hys bearm-tear<sup>er</sup>  
Wythoute senne i-smaked ;  
Wet thanne,  
3et holy stren by-tokned hys  
By strenynge of the mane.

Hyt was God self that spousynge ferst  
In Paradys sette ;  
The fend hyt was that schente hyt al  
Myd gyle and hys abette,  
Wranch evel,  
Spousoth scheawyth wet God ther dede,  
Hourdom wat dede the devel.

For wanne man draȝth to hordom,  
And let hys ryȝt spouse,  
So dede Adam ine Paradys  
Hys ryȝt lord of house  
Of hevene,  
The gode for-horede the fend  
Wyth hys blaundyng stevene.

That deth that God menteyneth  
Wel ryzt spousynge her an erthe,  
And ever mo schel go to schame  
Hordom and thet hys worthe,  
I-lome ;  
Bet some wenth ligge in spoushop,  
And lithe in hordome.

Ther-fore ich wylle telle you  
 The lore of ryzt spousynge,  
 That he ne take horedom,  
 Wanne taketh weddyng ;  
 Nou lestneth,  
 The lore al of the laze y-wryte  
 That holy cherche festneth.

Ase to God hyt were y-now  
 That bare assent oof bothe,  
 Wythoute speche and by-treuthynge,  
 And alle manere othe,  
 And speche ;  
 Ther mote be speche of hare assent,  
 Holy cherche to teche.

And þeſe þeſe ſpoken þat word

By ſuchlike ſoundlike word.

þeſe ſpoken þat word

By ſuchlike ſoundlike word.

And ſpoken

þeſe ſpoken þat word

By ſuchlike ſoundlike word.

I wiſe manne ſpoken þat word

þeſe ſpoken þat word ;

þat word of ſpoken þat word.

þat word of ſpoken.

Well couthe ;

“ Her ich the take” wordes beth

Of thyng that his nouth.

And þeſe me ſeythe “ ich wille the have,

And ther-to treuthe plyte

He ſpeketh of thyng that his to come

That ſcholde be myd ryte

Of treuthe ;

Ac that ferſte me faylleth nauȝt,

That other may for ſleuthe.

And ȝyf another treutheſeth ſethe,

Wyth word of that hys nouth,

The ferſte dede halte beth,

Ne be hy naſe couthe,

As none ;

Bote þeſe ther folȝede that treutheynge,

A ferſt fleſch y-mone.

For thet completh thet spoushod  
 After the by-treuthynge,  
 That hyt ne may be ondon  
 Wyth none wythseggynge,  
 By ryzte ;  
 And that hyt were her ondo,  
 Ryzt halt wythoute Dryzte.

And her may treuthynge be ondo  
 Thorwe falnesse of partye,  
 And for defaute of witnessynge  
 Wyth wrange and trycherye,  
 I-lome,  
 Me weddeth suyche and liggeth so  
 For than ine hordome.

Ne hyzt ne may no man ondo,  
 By lawe none kennes,  
 And so by-levech ever-mo  
 Fort other wendeth hennes,  
 Thou wyse,  
 So bryngeth hem in suche peryl,  
 That hy ne mowe a-ryse.

Ac 3ef eny hys ine the cas,  
 Red ich that he be chaste ;  
 And 3yf hys make mone craveth  
 Ine leyser other in haste  
 Lykynde,  
 He mo3t hyzt do wyth sorye mod,  
 And skyle wert wepynge.

ȝyt he mot gret penaunce do  
The dayes of hys lyve,  
And ȝet the more ȝef hath maked  
An hore of hys wyf,  
That ere,  
ȝef that he hedde y-wedded hy,  
A goud wymman hyt were.

For suche laȝe is that manye beth  
Men other wymmen of elde,  
Thar suche contrait y-maked hys  
That more ryȝt prove ȝelde,  
And scholle ;  
And ȝet of volees thane of tuo  
Hys prove to the folle.

And ȝyf ryȝt contrait ys y-maked  
Wyȝthoute wytnessynge,  
ȝef hy by-knoweth openlyche  
Byfore men of trewthynge,  
Te take,  
To-gidere y-hoten scholle hy be,  
Thaȝ other oft for-sake.

That hys bote hy wedded be  
To othren er hy hyȝt by-knowe ;  
For thaȝ hy by-knowe hyt,  
Ne hys nauȝt y-helde trewe  
By lawe ;  
For ȝef hy were, hyt scholde be  
These spousebrechene sawe.

Of ham that scholde y-wedded be  
Her the age thou myzt lerne,  
Thet knave childe fortene ȝer  
Schel habbe ane tuel thetherne,  
Spousynge ;  
At seve ȝer me maketh may,  
Ac none ryzt weddyng.

For theȝ hy were by assent  
Ryzt opelyche y-wedded,  
And ase thyse childre ofte beth  
To-gadere ryzt y-bedded,  
By ryzte ;  
Bot ȝef hy ȝyve ine tyme assent.  
Departed be y-myzte.

And the tyme is wane ather can  
Other fleschlyche y-knowe,  
For wanne hy habbeth thet y-do,  
Ne mowe hy be to-throwe,  
In saȝe ;  
Hy beth i-cliped pukeres,  
That hys a worde of lawe.

Ne no treuthynge stonde ne schel,  
Wyth strenthe y-maked ine mone,  
Bote ther folȝy by assent  
Ryzt flesch y-mone,  
Ine dede ;  
For thet folvelleth that spoushoth,  
Ase ich by-fore sede.

And ȝyf hy beche by assent  
 The thryvle treuthe leyde,  
 Here eyther other for to have,  
 Other word to asent seyde,  
 Othe swore ;  
 ȝef hy soffreth hym mone of flesche,  
 Hys wyfe and nauȝt hys bore.

And ȝef ther hys condicioun  
 Y-set attre treuthynge,  
 ȝef hyt hys good wythoute quede,  
 Hyt letteth the weddyng,  
 Onhealde ;  
 Bote ȝef ther vlesches y-mone be  
 Folgynde, ase ich ear tealde.

And hit is wykked condicioun,  
 Covenant of schrewead-hede,  
 Ase ȝef he seyth ich wille the have  
 ȝef thou deist suche a dede,  
 Of queade ;  
 Thaȝ thet covenant be nauȝt y-do,  
 Hy scholle hem weddy nede.

Bote that quead be aȝeins spouthoth,  
 Ase ich schel here teche ;  
 And ȝef man seyth " ich wolle the have,  
 ȝyf thou wilt be spousbreche,  
 Other wealde  
 For te destruwen oure stren,"  
 That treuthynge darf naut healde.

Sudeakne may be y-wedded nauȝt,  
 Moneke, muneche, ne no frere,  
 Ne no man of religion,  
 Profes ȝef that he were,  
 To leste  
 Of chaste professioun  
 Hys solempne by-hestē.

Ac ȝef man of religion,  
 Be hys ryt fre wille,  
 Over tyme of professioun  
 Heldeth hym thrynne styllē,  
 Relessed  
 Schel hym nauȝt be religioun,  
 Thaȝ he be nauȝt professed.

Ac ȝef ther were ryȝt treuthynge,  
 That may nauȝt be relessed ;  
 Ore hye into suche ordre came,  
 And here hi be professed,  
 To sothe,  
 Hy scholde aȝen to the spousynge,  
 And lete al that to nothe.

Hy that the man for-leyen hethe  
 Under hys ryȝt wyf,  
 Other ȝyf hy hosebonde heth  
 Ine thet spousbreche alyve,  
 Si dome ;  
 ȝet hi myȝte be wedded eft,  
 ȝef by sengle by-come.



Bote ȝef hy by-treuthede hem,  
 Wyth worde of nouthe i take,  
 Other bote hy by-speke his dethe  
 In hare senvolle sake,  
 To slaȝe ;  
 For thanne scholde hy weddi nouȝt,  
 By none ryȝt lawe.

Meseles mowe y-wedded be,  
 ȝef hi asenti wyllle ;  
 An thaȝ other bi-come mesel,  
 To-gadere healde hem styllle,  
 To nomene;  
 Bote the treuthege bare be,  
 Wyth wordes of to comene.

For ȝef thet hy by-treuthed be  
 With worde of nou y take,  
 Other wyd wordes of to come,  
 With dede of flesches sake,  
 Ther, brother,  
 Scel be renoveled that a-gonne hiis,  
 And ayther folȝy other.

Bote the syke into a spytel-hous  
 Entry ther beth museles,  
 Thanne der the hole nauȝt  
 Ther-ine folwy hiis meles,  
 Ne hiis gyfte ;  
 Falthe ham nauȝt in suche compaigni  
 To-gadere be a nyȝt.

**A**nd ine the weddyng ne gaynet nouȝt,  
 Thaȝ thou the other by-swyke ;  
**W**anne them weneth the other be hol,  
 And wedded thane syke,  
                                     Ne tinde ;  
**N**e beth no thynges bote two  
 That oundeth the weddyng.

That on hys, wanne he weddeth the thral,  
 And weneth the frye take ;  
 That other, wanne he weddeth one other  
 Thane hys ryȝte make,  
                                     By-gyled ;  
 The lawe of God ne senteth nouȝt  
 That man be so by-wyled.

And ȝyf thet one weddeth the thral,  
 And weneth the frye weddy,  
 And ȝyf a spyet that sothe throf,  
 And wondeth nauȝt to beddy,  
                                     Ine mone ;  
 ȝef he by wyl serveth that flesche,  
 Ryȝt partynge worthe hym none.

And ȝyf thy wyf hebbeth a child,  
 Wane thou he hest for-leye,  
 Ne myȝt nauȝt weddy that childe  
 Eft thaȝ that thy wyf deye,  
                                     By lawe ;  
 Ne forthe the moder thet hyt beer,  
 Ne woldest thou nase y-faze.

And ȝyf thou habbest so a child,  
 The lawe y-wryte hyt sede,  
 Thy wyf that his thyn oȝe flesch  
 Draȝeth eke the godesybred,  
                                   Y-mete,  
 That hy ne may weddy that child,  
 Ne fade thet hyt bi-ȝete.

Thet ilke that y-crystned hys  
 Ne may weddy by laȝe  
 Him that hym crystneth, ne hys child,  
 Ne wolde nase naȝe,  
                                   Ac lete ;  
 And eke hem that hym hebbeth so,  
 And alle hare bi-ȝete.

And for the fader and moder  
 That hyn fleschlyche forthwyseth,  
 Gostlyche for hym by-sebbe beth,  
 To ham that hine baptizeth,  
                                   And heven ;  
 Ther-fore thaȝ hy ham wedded eft,  
 Ne myt so by-leven.

And ase the goſſybrede draȝth  
 Ryȝt to ous after crystnyng,  
 So goſſibrede draȝeth eke  
 Ryȝt after confermyng,  
                                   By lawe ;  
 That so hy moȝe hy weddy nauȝt,  
 Ne wolde hy nase y-naȝe.

More godsibrede nys ther nauȝt  
     Thane hys y-meneȝed here,  
 Godfader wedded godsones child  
     Fol wel, my leve fere,  
                     No senne,  
 Neth man and wyf that weddeth ham,  
     Godfader theȝ he habbe enne.

And ȝyf a man hebbeth thy child,  
     And nauȝt bye thyne wyfe,  
 Thy wyf may weddy thane man  
     Wel after thyne lyve,  
                     And libbe ;  
 And in that cas thou myȝt weddy  
     To thyne wyfes gossibbe.

And that lawe for-bode nauȝt  
     That man and wyf y-mene  
 Toe hebbe a childe, ȝet scholdy nauȝt  
     Honesteté so ȝwene,  
                     Ne wette,  
 Schrewede tonge for te speke  
     For slaunder me schal lette.

The sibbe mowe to-gadere nauȝt,  
     The foerthe grees wythinne;  
 Ne me ne scholle telle the stoke  
     That after hym by-genne,  
                     To telle;  
 And ȝef other the fixte of-taketh,  
     To gare more hy dwelle.

3ef thou myd word, if thet hys nouthe,  
 Aryzt bi-treuthest one,  
 Other thaȝ thet bi-treuthy hy nauȝt,  
 And hast flesches mone,  
                                     By lawe,  
 Alle here sybbe affinité  
 To the for-than schel drawe.

And thet ine the selve degré  
                     That hy beth here by sybbe ;  
 And 3ef thou weddest eny of ham,  
                     In incede scholle ye lybbe  
                                     An erthe ;  
 3ef hy y-sibbe ine degrés  
                     Ryzt wythinne the ferthe.

And so drawyth hy affinité  
                     Wyth alle thyne sibbe,  
 Ase thou of hire sibben draȝst,  
                     For-than thaȝ hy ne libbe ;  
                                     Wat doth hyȝt ?  
 Hyt deth the monynge ine flesche,  
                     Theȝ non ne wyte ne se hyȝt.

And holy cherche y-hote heth,  
                     Me schal maky the cryes  
 At cherche oppe holy dayȝes thre  
                     By-fore the poeple thryes,  
                                     To assaye,  
 To sech contrait 3ef me mey  
                     Of destorber anaye.

For erthe the banes y-gred  
He that the treuthe maketh,  
Farth ase he that great work by-gunth  
And thanne conseyl taketh,  
And tethleth;  
Ac mani man that so by-gunth,  
With grete harme fayleth.

And thaȝ the weddyng were maked,  
Ase hyt mytte by lawe,  
ȝet hyt myȝt eft be ondo,  
And eft also to-drawe,  
Wet wyse,  
ȝef ther ne meȝ nothere kendelyche  
Do the flesches servyse.

Thet hys, ȝef that ere the weddyng  
Folle that ylke lette,  
That other were so i-let  
To do the flesches dette,  
By kende;  
For ȝef that lettyng velle seth,  
Ne scholde hy nouȝt to-wende.

And thaȝ thet on bi-wiched be  
Thanne hy to-gadere come,  
That hy ne myȝte don ryȝt nauȝt,  
Ne asayde nase lome,  
And wolde;  
ȝet thre ȝier hy abyde scholde,  
To do ere hi be scholde.

And thaȝ that servyse be foul,  
 ȝet hyt hys tokne of gode ;  
 For hyȝt by-tokneth the takynge  
 Of oure flesche and blode  
                           Ine Cryst ;  
 No stren may non encressy  
 Wythoute flesches loste.

And dette hyȝt hys in spoused,  
       Wanne the other hyȝt welde ;  
 For ȝyf thyt other nolde do,  
       Destrayned be he scholde,  
                           Be rytte,  
 To do hyt ȝyf that he may,  
       The lawe heth the he myȝte.

And thaȝ man hath bysemer  
       Of seche manere destresse,  
 Be hem wel syker hyt hys y-do  
       For wel grete godnesse,  
                           Of lyve ;  
 For elles nolde the laȝe nauȝt  
       Of suche thynges schryve.

In spoushod beth godnesse thre,  
       Treuthe, strenyg, and signe ;  
 Treuthe hys that ther no gile be  
       Thourwe spousebreche maligne ;  
                           Ac, brother,  
 That on may spousesbreche by-come,  
       For defaute of thet other.

**T**hat other godnesse hys strenynge,  
Ther me may children wene;  
**A**nd ȝyf that on thothren warneth hys flesch,  
Ne myȝt hy naut strene  
On nette,  
**T**ho scholde that godnesse be  
By-twene ham inlette.

The thrydde godnesse hys sacrament,  
That hiis the holy signe  
Of the joynynge of God self  
And holye cherche digne,  
That abayleth;  
And 3yf thothren warnth hys flesch,  
That sacrament hem fayleth.

By thyse thre hy moze i-se  
 Wanne hy ine flesche senezeth.  
 Wanne hy wythoute thyse thre  
 Wyth fleschlich mone megeth  
 Hare other other,  
 The more thyt doth, the wors hi beth,  
 And God also the lother.

Ase þef hy hyȝt myȝt wel a-come  
 To letten other wyle,  
 And leſſe do hyt thane hy doth,  
 Wythoute otheres peryl  
 Ac blondeth,  
 And nys non ned wyth foule handlynge  
 Other other afondeth.



Ne hy ne wunbeth messe-day,

Ne none holy tyde.

Ne holy stede wythoute peryl.

Thay hy myȝte abyde

Spȝ felthe.

Ther hy myȝte hyt do keneleche.

Oukende hys hare onselthe.

Hyt nys nauȝt aȝens sacrament

Of God and holy cherche.

Thay hy nolle by good purpos

Ine hare flesche worche

By feld ;

So ferde Marye and Joseph,

By assent that clene hem held.

For they hye wolde

In flesh by-leve clene,

ȝet aȝeys treuthe nere hyt nouȝt,

Ne forthe aȝeys strene ;

Hou scholde hyȝt

Aȝe gode purpos of strene,

Bote other of ham wolde hyȝt ?

Ne hyȝt nys aȝeys sacrament,

By assent thay hy be clene ;

In spoushoth ȝef hy levies hem,

And wel libbeth i-mene :

Wytnesse

Cryst and thys holy saulen eke,

Al lovieth hem ine clannesse.

And ȝyf bothe beth of god wylle,  
 And of assent an emne,  
 To take to religioun  
 And makye a vou solempne,  
 Hy mytte  
 In chastyté for evere mo  
 Servy oure Drytte.

And ȝef that eyther other may  
 Kendelyche serve,  
 Ne moȝen hy aȝeins wyl to go  
 Er thane other schal sterve,  
 No sauve,  
 Bote ȝef that on for-houred be,  
 He may departyng have.

And ȝef hy so departed be,  
 Chastité he mote take,  
 So longe ase thothres lyf y-lest,  
 That whas hys ryȝt make,  
 Nyst gabbe,  
 ȝef he other thane hy for-lyth,  
 Aȝen a schel hys habbe.

Thaȝ hy mysdede, ȝet and he wyle  
 Eft aȝeyn he may crave,  
 Thaȝ ther such a departyng be,  
 And hiis wyf aȝeyn have,  
 And scholde ;  
 Thaȝ hy wythseyde hyt openlyche,  
 And aȝeyn come nolle.

Ac understand for thet hordom  
 That maketh thes to stryve,  
 That eche hordom ne parteth nauȝt  
 The man al fram hiis wyf ;  
                               Nou lestne,  
 ȝef the other othren so by-swyketh,  
 Ne moȝe hy nouȝt ounnestne.

Ne thaȝ a wyf by-gyled be  
 Of another by wrake,  
 And weneth wel to for-leye be  
 Of hyre ryȝtte make ;  
                               ȝet more,  
 Thaȝ hy ben strengthe be for-leye,  
 Takth he nauȝt houre lore.

Ne ȝef thon thother profreth  
 Wyth any other to beddy,  
 And ne ȝef the on welnith this othere;  
 And he another weddeth,  
                               Thaȝ come ;  
 The make aȝen ne schelde hy be  
 To do for hordome.

Ac het nou ounderstand for ham  
 That gooth a pylgrymage,  
 On wenddeth, the other abyde schel,  
 Wet other passeth age,  
                               By kende,  
 Other wat that ther be of hys death  
 Ryȝt god and certayn mende.

And 3yf man halt ase hys wyf  
After the gelt hys spouse,  
Thaȝ he by hyre ne ligge nouȝt,  
Other halt hys ine hys house,  
In tome,  
Ne schal hy nauȝt departed be  
Fram hym for hordome.

The signe hys of the sacrement,  
The treuthynge wel couthe,  
Other comthey signe of thet asent  
Wyth worde that hiis nouthe,  
And dygne ;  
Thynges ther beth her mo than on  
Onder thys ylke signe.

Thet o thyng hys thet hol assent  
By-tuixte man an wyf,  
Wat bynding hys of the spouseboth  
To helde to ende of lyf,  
And, brother,  
Thys ilke thyng a signe hys eke  
Of thyng to-forin another,

And that thyng hys ase ich seyde her,  
Tho ich her-an gan worche,  
The holy joynynge of God self  
And of al holy cherche,  
In tome,  
Of spouboth thys aneyment  
Louketh ȝou for hordome,

Tho seynt Johan ine the Apokalips  
 Sez pruveetes of hevene,  
 He sez a boke was fast i-schet  
 Wyth strong lokes sevene,  
 A wonder ;

Ne hy my3ty no man ondo  
 Above in hevene and onder.

And tho that seint Johan y-se3 that,  
 Wel sore he gan to wepe ;  
 Tho seyde an angel, " Wep thou now3t,  
 Ac take wel gode kepe,  
 Thys sygne,  
 That holy lambe that sla3en hys  
 To ondo hyt hys wel dygne."

Thys ylke boke the mystikys  
 Of these sacramentis,  
 That were i-schet fram alle men,  
 Wat God himself out sent hys,  
 To tounne ;  
 For be thou syker hy were in God,  
 Er than the worlde by-gounne.

For ase he wyste wel  
 We scholde be by-gyled,  
 So ever wyste he that the feend  
 Scholde a3en be by-wyled,  
 Thor3 Cryste ;  
 Ac he hyt hadde wel privé  
 For Saternases lyste.

Al what os com thet ilke lambe,  
Jhesus that was y-slawe,  
That onne schette the queynte loken,  
That spek of the alde lawe,  
And sevene,  
So kedde out thyse sacremens  
By-nethe and bove in hevene.

The ferste loke oneleke Jhesus,  
Ase he wel coude and myzte,  
Tho Nychodemus to hym come  
At one tyme by nyzte,  
To lerny ;  
And he ondede hym cristendom,  
No lenge he nolde hyt derny.

That lok onleake of confermynge  
Ther hiis apostles leye  
Slepynde tho that of ham bed  
Aryse for to preye,  
Amonge,  
That hy ne volle into fondynge.  
Ac that hye weren stronge.

The thrydde loke onleke Jhesus  
Ther he set atte sopere,  
Tho he sacrede hys flesche and blod,  
Ase ich zou seyde hyt here,  
So holde,  
In fourme of bred and eke of wyn  
That we hyt notye scholde.

And tho Peter in oze nyzt  
Thryes hedde hyne for-sake,  
And he by-held hyne ther a-set  
Ryzt atte hys pynyng-stake,  
Nem kepe,  
Ther he onleke penaunce loke,  
Tho Peter gan vor to wepe.

The fyzte that hys elyynge,  
Cryst onleke to oure wayne,  
Tho hand and fet and al hys lymes  
I-persed were ine payne,  
Ene helede,  
For al the formes of oure lemes,  
Anon so be we anelede,

The syxte onleke swete Jhesus,  
Of ordre nothyng orne,  
Tho he a-veng for oure love  
The croune of scharpe thornes ;  
Wel wyde  
Ondede the loke of ryzt spousyng  
The wounde onder hys syde.

For ase wymman com of the ryb  
Of the mannes ryzt syde,  
So holyche spouse of God  
Sprange of thane wonden wyde ;  
Nou leste,  
Hou that was hed conseyl ine God,  
Sprounge hiis out at hys brest.

Nou, Lord, that coudest maky open,  
Thet no man coude oneschette,  
And canste wel schetten thet hy be open  
That none other man derte  
To hopye,  
So graunte ous thyne sacremens,  
That non errour ne ous ascapye ;

And that we lys mote a-redy have,  
Lord, her at oure nede,  
That no deveyl ne acombry ous,  
Lord, thou hyzt ham for-bede,  
Amonge ;  
And for the tokene that we neme,  
Lat ouse thy holy dole fonge. Amen.

*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham,  
quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui composuit  
istam compilacionem de septem sacramentis.*



*Pater noster. Domine, labia mea aperies, etc.*

Thou opene myne lyppen, Lord,  
 Let felthe of senne out wende ;  
 And my mouthe wyth wel god acord  
 Schel thyne worschyppe sende.

*Deus, in adiutorium meum intende.*

Vaderis wyt of heve an-heȝ,  
 Sothnesse of oure Dryȝte,  
 God and man y-take was  
 At matyn-tyde by nyȝte.  
 The disciples that were his,  
 Anone hy hyne for-soke,  
 I-seld to Gywes and by-traid,  
 To pyne hyne toke.

*Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicamus tibi, etc.—*

We the honreth, Jhesu Cryst,  
 And blesseth ase thou os touȝtest ;  
 For thourȝ thy crouche and passyon  
 Thys wordle thou for-bouȝtest.

*Oremus, Domine Jhesu Criste.*

We the byddeth, Jhesu Cryst,  
 Godes son a-lyve,  
 Sete on crouche pyne and passyoun,  
 And thy dethe that hys ryve ;  
 Gode atende to my socour,  
 Lorde, hyȝe, and help me fyȝte !

**G**lorye to the Fader and Sone,  
 And to the Gost of myztte ;  
**A**se hyt was ferst and hiia,  
 And schal evere-more be wyth ryzte.  
**B**ytuent ous and jugement  
 That no fend ous ne schende,  
 Nou, ne wanne the tyme comthe  
 Thet we scholle hennes wende.  
 And 3yf the lyves mysse and grace,  
 The dede redand and reste,  
 Holy cherche acord and pays  
 Ous glorye and lyf that beste ;  
 That levest and regnest wyth the Fader  
 Ther never nys no pyne,  
 And also wyth the Holy Goste,  
 Evere wythoute fyne. Amen.

*Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat they was wo,  
 Tho Jhesus by-come in orne ;  
 For drede tho the blodes dropen  
 Of swote of hym doun orne.  
 And, levedy, the was wel wors,  
 Tho that thou seze in dede  
 Thy leve childe reulyche y-nome  
 And ase a thef forthe lede.  
 And ase he tholedethet for ous,  
 Levedy, wythoute sake,  
 Defende ous wanne we dede bethe,  
 That noe fende ous ne take.

*Pater noster. God, atente to my socour. Lorc  
etc. Deus, adjutorium neum. Domine, ad. Hora*

At prime Jhesus was i-led  
To-fore syre Pylate,  
Thar wytnesses false and fele  
By-lowen hyne for hate.  
In thane nekke hy hene smyte,  
Bonden hys honden of myȝtte ;  
By-spet hym that sw... semblant  
That hevene and erthe a-lyȝte.

*Adoramus te, Christe. We the honouret  
Ave, Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu  
Ave Maria, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo  
A Gode Frydayes in orthe,  
Tho al the nyȝt y-spende was  
In swete Jhesues sorwe.  
Thou seȝe hyne hyder and thyder y-cath  
Fram Pylate to Herode ;  
So me bete hys bare flesche,  
That hyȝt arne alle a-blode.  
And ase he tholedde that for ous,  
Levedy, withoute crye,  
Schelde ous wanne we deade beth  
Fram alle feenden mestrye.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God,  
to my socour. Crucifige, etc.*

Crucyfige ! crucifige !  
Gredde hy at ondre ;

A pourpre cloth hi dede hym on,  
 A scorne an hym to wondre.  
 Hy to-steke hys swete hefed  
 Wyth one thornene coroune ;  
 Toe Calvarye his crouche ha beer  
 Wel reuliche ouzt of the toune.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cryst. Ut  
 sancta, Domine Jhesu Christe. We the byddeth, Jhesu  
 Cryst. Ave Maria, etc.*

O swete lavedy, wat the was wo  
 Tho that me Jhesus demde,  
 Tho that me oppone hys swete body  
 The hevy crouche semde !  
 To bere hyt to Calvary  
 I-wys hyt was wel wery,  
 For so to-bete and so to-boned,  
 Hyt was reweleche and drery.  
 And also he tholed that for ous,  
 Levedy, a thysse wyse,  
 I-schelde ous, wanne we dede beth,  
 Fram alle fendene jewyse.

*Deus, in adiutorium. Gode, atende to my socour.  
 Pater noster. Hora sexta.*

On crouche y-nayled was Jhesus  
 Atte sixte tyde,  
 Stronge theves hengen hy on  
 Eyther half hys sede.  
 Ine hys pyne hys stronge therst  
 Sthanchede hy wyth zalle ;

So that Godes holy lombe  
Of senne wesche ous alle.

*Adoramus te, Christe. We the honoureth.  
Cryst. Oremus, Domine Jhesu Christe.  
biddeth, Jhesu Cryst. Ave Maria, gratia plen*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo  
Tho thy chyld was an-honge,  
I-tached to the harde tre  
Wyth nayles gret and longe !  
The Gywes gradden, "com adoun,"  
Hy neste way y mende,  
For thrau ha thole to be do  
To deth for mankende.  
And ase he henge, levedy, for ous,  
A-heye oppon the hulle,  
I-scheld ous wane we deade ben,  
That we ne hongy in helle. Amen.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God,  
to my socour. Lord, hyge, etc. Hora nona.*

Atte none Jhesu Cryst  
Thane harde death felde ;  
Ha grade "Hely" to hys fader,  
The soule he gan op-yelde.  
A kniȝt wyth one scharpe spere  
Stange hyne i the ryȝt syde ;  
Therthe schoke, the sonne dym by-come  
In thare tyde.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cryste.*  
*Domine Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryste.*  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo  
 Tho Jhesus deyde on rode !  
 The crouche and the ground onder hym  
 By-bled was myd his blode.  
 That swerde persed thyne saule tho,  
 And so hyt dede wel ofter,  
 That was thy sorwe for thy child,  
 Deth adde be wel softer.  
 And ase he tholed thane deth,  
 Levedy, for oure mende,  
 Schulde ous wane we dede beth,  
 Fram deth wythouten ende. Amen.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God, attende*  
*o my socour. Lord, hize, etc. De cruce deponitur.*  
*Gloria, etc.*

Of the crouche he was do  
 At eve-sanges oure ;  
 The strengthe lefte lotede ine God  
 Of oure Sauveoure.  
 Suche death a under-zede,  
 Of lyf the medicine,  
 Alas ! hi was y-leyd adoun  
 The crowne of blysse in pyne.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Crist.*

*Ave Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryst.*  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo  
 Tho Cryst was do of rode !  
 For ase a mesel ther he lay,  
 A-stouned in spote and blode,  
 For-bere wepyng ne myzt hy  
 That seze al hou thou weptyst ;  
 Al hy the seze of hym blody,  
 So ofte thou hine by-cleptyst.  
 And ase he tholedde the fylthe,  
 For felthe of oure sennes,  
 Helpe ous, levedy, we clene be,  
 Wanne we scholle wende hennes. Amen

*Pater noster, etc. Deus, adjutorium. God, atten-*  
*to my socour, etc. Lord, hiȝe, etc. Hora complector*

At complyn hyt was y-bore  
 To the beryyngge,  
 That noble corps of Jhesu Cryst,  
 Hope of lives comyngge.  
 Wel richeleche hit was anoynt,  
 Folfeld hys holy boke ;  
 Ich bydde, lord, thy passioun  
 In myne mend loke.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cri-*  
*Domine Jhesu Christe. We byddeth, Jhesu Cry-*  
*Ave Maria, gratia plena : etc.*

O swete levedy, was the was wo,

And drery was thy mone,  
Tho thou seiȝe thy lefe sone  
I-bered under the stone !  
That thou wȝstest thourȝ thy feyth  
A-ryse that he scholde,  
A drery fayth hyt was to the  
That he lay under molde.  
And ase he was four ous y-bered,  
And a-ros thourwe hys myȝtte,  
Help ous, levedy, a domes-day,  
That wey a-ryse mytte the, levedy brytte.  
Amen.

Thyse oures of the canoune,  
Lord, moneȝe ich the wel fayre,  
Wyth wel greȝt devocioun  
A reyson debonayre ;  
And ase thou tholedest lor forme  
Ope Calvaryes doune,  
So acordaunt to thy travayl,  
Lord, graunte me thy coroune. Amen.

---



*De decem preceptis.*

The man that Godes hestes halt,  
 And that myd gode wylle,  
 And nauȝt one by-fore men,  
 Ac both loud and stille,  
 Meche hys the mede that hym worthe,  
 By so that he na drylle ;  
 ȝef he hys breketh and so by-loefth,  
 Hys sauylle schal he spyllē.  
 ȝef thou hys halst man, God the seithe,  
 Ha wole be the so kende,  
 He wole be fo to thyne fon,  
 And frend to thyne frende.  
 Hye the mys-doth, ham wyle mys-do,  
 And have thys ine thyne mende ;  
 Hys angel schal to-forthe go  
 To wyte the fram the fende.  
 Thyne sustenaunce thou schel have,  
 Thyȝ nauȝt a-lyve delyce,  
 Ac mete and clothes renableliche,  
 And lyf ine herte blysce.  
 Thaȝ folke the heelde a nice man,  
 Ther-fore nert thou nauȝt nyce ;  
 I-likned worth thy gode loos  
 So swete so the spyce.  
 Thef the that art a crystene man  
 Wel hy healde by-falleth,  
 Syker thou myȝt be of that lond  
 Thar melke and hony walleth,

That hys the blysse of hevene above,  
    Thar holy soulen stalleth ;  
Ine glorye ther none ende nys,  
    Ne none swetnesse appalleth.  
To wyte thanne wat God hagt,  
    Is eche man wel y-halde,  
Throf ich may telle ase ich wot,  
    Ase other men me tealde,  
And ase hyt hys in holye boke  
    I-wryten ine many a felde ;  
Lestneth to mey *par charyté*,  
    Bothe zonge and ealde.  
O thyngge hyt hys al that God hat,  
    Bote a-two he hyzt dyzte,  
And that hys love, man, syker thou be,  
    To lovye wyth thy myzt.  
Thou ert y-helde, man, ther-to  
    Bye skele and eke by ryzte ;  
Thou thenke her-on *par charyté*,  
    By dayes and eke by nyzte.  
Thys love God heth y-digt a-tuo  
    Amange hiis hostes alle,  
The ferste hys for to lovye God.  
    By-falle what so falle ;  
Seththe to lovye alle men,  
    So brothren scholde ine halle,  
Wythouten byternesse of mode  
    That hiis thare saule galle.  
The man that healdeth thys two,  
    Of charyté the heastes,

Al he solveth the lawe of Gode  
And prophetene gestes.  
Ac lasse love ther hys wyth men  
Thane be wyth wylde bestes,  
That doth that manye y-schodred ben  
Fram hevene-ryche festes.  
Ten hestes haveth y-hote God,  
Ase Holy Wryt ous tealde,  
O the two tablettes of ston  
Wyth hys fynger bealde.  
He hys wrot Moyses by-toke  
Wylom by dajes ealde,  
To wyse man hou schal wel  
These ten hestes healde.  
In ston ich wot that he hys wrot,  
In tokne of sykernesse,  
That we that wole y-saved be,  
The more and eke the lesse,  
By-hoveth that he healde hy  
Wyth al hys bysynysse.  
Allas ! feawe thencheth ther-on,  
Th..... a wykkednesse.  
Yet o table hedde thry  
Of thyse hestes tene.  
The thri longeth to love of Gode,  
Ase hyȝt schel wel be sene ;  
The seven longet to love of man,  
That none scholde wene,  
Ine thother table sete tho  
To-gadere and al y-mene.

Honury thou schelt enne God,  
Hym one to by-knowe ;  
Take nauzt hys name in ydelschepe,  
Wyth ydel wynde to blowe ;  
Halze thou the masse-day,  
Ase he comthe in the rewe.  
In these thre the love of God schewy hit,  
Were hyt hys to sewe.  
Worschipe thy fader and moder eke ;  
Ne brynge no man of lyve ;  
Do the to none lecherye,  
Thaȝ the foundyngge dryve ;  
Wytnesse vals ne bere thou non ;  
Of thefthe thou ne schryve ;  
Coveyte none mannes wyf,  
Ne nauzt of hys for-stryve.  
Thys bethe the sevene that love of man  
Schewe what hyzt be scholde.  
ȝef eny man fayleth eny of thys,  
Nys hyzt bote an on holde ;  
Ac al to fewe lovyth ham,  
And wylleth that other wolde.  
Alas ! wat schal be hare red,  
Wanne hy beth under molde ?  
Ac many man desceyved hys,  
And weneth that he hys helde ;  
And weyneth that he be out of peryl,  
Other ine senne so schealde,  
That hym ne douteth of no breche  
Of Godes hestes healde,

---

Ac he not nefer wat hy beeth,  
Ne never hy ne tealde.  
I-wryte hyt hys, ich telle hyt the,  
Ine the boke of Wysdome,  
That eche man scholde conne hy,  
And rekeny wel y-lome,  
And that hy nere nauzt for-ȝete,  
Wane othere thouȝtes come.  
Tys fyngres scolde man bynde hy,  
For doute of harde dome.  
For mannes honden and hys fet  
Beret tokene wel gode  
Of alle the tenne comaundemens,  
That man thyt onderstonde.  
Ten fyngres and ten thine tone,  
Of flesche and bon and blode,  
Tokneth that thyne workes ne be  
Aȝeyns the hestes for broude.  
ȝet som man hiis that passioun lyche  
Can telle hy myd the beste,  
Ac me hys dedes nares he,  
Ase he nauzt of hem neste.  
And ȝet hym thingth that he beth wel,  
And for to come to reste ;  
Ac al desceyved schel he be,  
Wanne cometh the grete enqueste.  
Here-fore nys hyt nauzt y-nouȝ  
To telle hy ne vor to conne,  
And telle and werche wel ther-by,  
Thanne hys hyt alle y-wonne.

For wel to conne and nauȝ no don,  
Nys nather rawe ne y-sponne ;  
Lytel hiis worth bote hyt endy  
Wel thynges that hiis wel by-gonne.  
They hyt be wel lyttelyche y-sed,  
The ferste heste a-rowe,  
For to honoury anne God,  
Hym one to by-knowe,  
Thenche thou most wel bysyly,  
And thy wyȝt thran by-stowe,  
And bydde hym that thou hyt mote do  
Wel myldelyche a-kuowe.  
For thou ne myȝt hytte nefere do,  
Man, wel wythoute grace ;  
So heth thys wordle bounde the  
Wyth here lykynges . . . .  
Ther-fore the by-hoveth Godes helpe,  
That he hyt wolde arace,  
So that thou ne teldest no worth  
Of blandynges face.  
For ȝyf thy wyl rejoith more  
In enyes kennes thynges,  
Be-hyȝt the childe, other thy best,  
Land, brouches, other ryngeth ;  
Other aȝt elles, wat so hyt be,  
Bote yne God that hys kynge of kynges,  
Thou ne anourest naȝt God a-ryȝt,  
Ac dest is onderlynges.  
By-lef thou in no wychecraft,  
Ne ine none teliinge,

Ne forthe inne none ymage self,  
Thaȝ that be great botninge ;  
Bote as al holy cherche the tek,  
Thou make thyne worthyngē.  
For Gode nele nauȝt that thou hyt do,  
Bote by there wyssyngē.  
Thanne asay thyn oȝe thoȝt  
By thysser ylke speche,  
And ȝyf thou annourest God a-ryȝt,  
Thyne inwit wyle the teche,  
And ȝyf thou fynst that thou ne dest,  
Amende, ich the by-seche ;  
Thou ert a sot, and myȝt do bet,  
And so siȝst yn the smeche.  
That other heste apertelyche  
Schewed mannes defaute,  
Wanne he aldey swereth ydelleche,  
In kebbyngē and in caute.  
Mechel hys that he maketh hym  
Her efterward to tenty,  
Wenne he schal hys acountes ȝyve  
Of ech idel sente.  
Thenne ne couthe ich nanne red  
Of thylke acountes oure,  
Nere the milse and merci of God self  
Oure alder auditour,  
That wolle the arerages for-ȝeue,  
ȝef hyt hys to hys honoure.  
Ac cesse, man, of thy ydelschop,  
Other ich wole out wel soure.

The thrydde heste apertelyche  
Scheweth wyth wykked rote,  
Wanne thou halst thy masse-day,  
As God hyt hath y-hote ;  
Ac werkest other werke dest  
Werkes that beth to note,  
The wykkede ensample that thou zefst,  
Thou abeyst, ich the by-hote.  
And that thou ne werche nauzt,  
Ac gest to pyne gloutynge,  
Other in eny other folke  
In pleye of thretynge.  
Thou halst wel wors thane masse-day,  
Thane manne myd hys workynge ;  
Thare-fore to the al y-holliche  
That day to holy thynge.  
The feste heste scheweth the  
That thye senne schal slethe,  
3yf thou rewardest thyne eldrynges nauzt  
A-lyve and eke a-dethe ;  
That were wel besy to brynge the forthe,  
As hy myzten onnythe,  
3yf thou hy gna3st and flag3st eke,  
Ryzt hys that fendes fleathe.  
Nauzt nys thys heste y-hote of God  
For suche eldren allone ;  
Ac hys of mannes eldren eke,  
Ase he tezt atte font-stone.  
Ther holy cherche thy moder hys,  
And fader in Cristes mone ;



ȝef thou ert onboxom to hyre,  
Grace of God ne worthe the non  
The fyfte heste scheweth the  
That thou ne schalt nauȝt smyte,  
Ne nauȝt ne mys-segge ne mys-do,  
Ne nauȝt foules he atwyte.  
For ofte the mannes sieȝte aryft,  
Were man hyȝt weneth wel lytel;  
And he that spilleth mannes lyf,  
Venjounse hyt schel awyte.  
And ȝef ther hys man-sleȝ the pur,  
As ous telleth holy boke,  
ȝyf eny man for defaute deyth,  
And eny hym for-soke  
To helpe hym of that he may,  
Hys lyf to save and loke,  
Her dere ȝer acuseth fele,  
That God and arthe touke.  
And ȝet seint Johan the wangelyst  
Al into mende draȝeth,  
He that hatyeth eny man,  
He seche that he hym slaȝe.  
Manye suche man-sleȝ then beth,  
That al day men for-gnaȝeth,  
And sweche beth in helle depe  
That develen al to-draweth.  
The sixte heste scheweth wel  
The sothe to al mankenne,  
The dede y-do in lechery  
Hys ryȝt a dedleche senne.

And elles nere hyȝt nauȝt  
For-bode amange the hestes tenne ;  
The that seggeth hyt aȝs nauȝt,  
So hare wyȝt hys al to thanne.  
Her hys for-bode glotenye,  
So ich the by-hote ;  
For ich norysseth lecherye,  
Ase fer the brondes hote.  
And thaȝ ther be alone lomprynge  
In lecheryes rote,  
Al hyt destrueth charyté,  
Wyth wrake and wyth threte.  
The sevende heste schewed wel  
Man schal be true in dede,  
That no man abbe of the otheres naut,  
Thoriȝ thefte wyckerede.  
For al hys thefte that man teȝt  
Myd wyl of wymynghede,  
Aȝens the ryȝt aȝeres wyl,  
So lawe y-wryte hyt sede.  
Thanne hys hyt a thef, wo so hyt be,  
That manne god so taketh,  
Be hyȝt by gyle other mestry,  
Other wordes that he craketh.  
In londe suche his many a thef  
That y-now hym maketh ;  
He wenth by chere of jugement,  
Ac helle after hym waketh.  
The eȝtende heste the for-bed  
The ffalse wytnessynge ;

And that hys man, syker thou be,  
Alle manere lesyng  
To hermy in body man,  
Other in hys other thyng,  
Other in hys saule, and that hys worst,  
In peryl for to bryng.  
Al hyt hys sennæ that me leȝth,  
Bote that men leȝth for gode ;  
Ryȝt deadlyche sennæ nys that nauȝt  
For myldenesse of mode.  
Ac elles, man, al that thou legst  
Is deathlich and for-brode,  
Tho thet hyȝt useth, ich wot hy beth  
Unwyser thane the wode.  
Alas ! onnethe eny man  
That thyse hestes healde ;  
Alle hy beth y-torned to lesyng,  
Thes ȝonge and eke thes olde.  
Ther-to hys mentenaunce great,  
That maketh hy wel bealde ;  
Do ȝe nauȝt so, *par charyté*,  
Ac ȝoure tongen ȝe wealde.  
The neȝende heste the for-bed  
That wyl to lecherye ;  
And to spousbreche nameleche,  
That so meche hys to glye,  
Thanne nys hyt nauȝt one dealyche  
Swych dede to complye,  
Ac ys that voule wyl also  
To swyche fylenye.

The tethe heste the fo[r]-bet,  
Wyl tou other manne thyng,  
For that desturbet charyté,  
In onde man to brynge.  
Defendeth 3ou, for Godes love,  
Fram alle wykked wyllynge;  
For suche wyl hys for dede i-set  
In Godes knelechyng.  
Nou ich 3ou bydde, for the blode  
That Jhesus blede on the rode,  
That into herte taketh thys two  
To 3oure soule fode;  
And fo3eth nau3t in thys wordle  
The vyle commune floude,  
That fleuth into the fendes mouthe;  
And so seithe Jop the gode. Amen.

---

[*De septem mortalibus peccatis.*]

Senne maketh many thral,  
That scholde be wel fry ;  
And senne maketh many fal,  
That he ne mote i-thy.  
Senne bryngeth man a-doun,  
That scholde sute a deys ;  
Senne maketh storbylon,  
Thar scholde be godes peays.  
Senne maketh by-wepe  
That som man er by-loȝ ;  
Senne bryngeth wel depe  
That hym wel hyȝe droȝ.  
Senne hys swete and lyketh,  
Wanne a man hi deth,  
And al so soure hy bryketh,  
Wane he venjaunce y-seth.  
Senne maketh nywe schame,  
Thaȝ hy for-ȝete be ;  
And senne bryngeth men in grame,  
Thar er was game and gle.  
And senne maketh al the who  
That man an erthe hath ;  
And bryngeth mannes saule also  
In helles voule breth.  
And they man be fram helle y-wered  
Thourȝ repentaunce here,  
ȝet ne may nauȝt some man be spared  
Fram purgatories fere,

That he ne schel soffry ther hys who,  
As he hiis here atenkt,  
And her nys fer namore ther-to,  
Thanne hys fer dereynt.  
Ac purgatorie and helle hy beth  
So lyte by-leved,  
That what somevere men telleth,  
Beth throf al adeved.  
Hem wolde douty more  
A lytel pyne her,  
Thane havi wolde al that sore,  
And on y-sely fer.  
Ac hwo sez ever eny  
That hedde of senne glye,  
For bond other for peyne,  
That he ne changede hys blye,  
Wyth schame and eke wyth schounde,  
Wyth sorje and eke wyth who,  
And that was ked in londe  
By some nauȝt fern ago.  
Thanne ich may wysse ase ich can,  
I miself thaȝ ich be spreth,  
That bote thou wylle wondy, man,  
Thy pyne after thy deth,  
Wonde the sorje that hys her,  
Folgende after thy queed,  
And yet the tyt the lasse fer,  
Whanne the falth to be dead.  
Whanne thou scholdest seneȝy,  
By-thenche, leve frend,

And that thy flesh the menegy,  
The wordle other the fend,  
By-thenche hou schort hys the lykynges,  
And hou the schame hys stronge,  
And hou thou weryest thane kyng  
Of bevene wyth thy wronge.  
This man mo go thory hys resone,  
Y wote, wanne he mys-deth ;  
Jef ther by-hoveth greȝt sarmone  
To hame that lewed bethe ;  
For feawe of ham conne the skele  
Hou senne aboute cometh,  
And that acombreth swythe fele  
That none kepe nometh.  
Ther-fore thys tale rymeth  
Hou men in senne beth,  
And hou senne by-lymeth  
Than that to senne hym deth.  
Ther-fore neme ȝe kepe  
Al hou the senne syt,  
That ȝe ne falle to depe,  
For wane of ȝoure wyt.  
Nou lyst hou man hys bounde  
Wyth senne swythe stronge,  
And hou he bereth death wounde,  
And fenym thare amonge.  
The wonde swelth an aketh  
So doth the naddre stenge,  
And gret and gretter maketh,  
And felthe make threng.

I-wounded was mankende  
After that hy was wroȝt,  
Thorȝ the neddre the feend,  
That hy heth al thorȝ souȝt.  
Thorwe the fenym of senne,  
That al mankende slakth,  
Nes non nou that kenne  
That that fenym ne taketh.  
And that fenym was ferst y-kast  
On Eve and on Adam,  
And so forthe thenne hyt her y-lest,  
Ase kenne of ȝerneth yne man.  
So hyȝt nys nauȝt senne lyas,  
That child that haveth lyf,  
Y-bore other onbore was,  
Bote crystnyng breketh that stryf.  
Oryginale thys senne hys cleped,  
For man of kende hyt taketh syn ;  
Ryȝt so hys al mankende a-merred,  
Thorȝ the route of fenym.  
That doth that mannes body y-bered,  
Nys bote a lyte slym.  
Her-uppe y-thoȝt hath meny a man,  
And i-sed many a foul,  
That onwysalyche God ous by-gan,  
And hys red was to coul,  
That let man to suich meschyf,  
That myȝte hyt habbe undo.  
Ac ȝef thou wolt by gode lef,  
Thenche thou namore so.



Ne veltthe hyt naught to clyppe agen,  
We soeth wel hyt hys thous;  
God so atwyte oure won  
No lenger nothyng to ous.  
For we dysputeth aseyn hym,  
Conclinded schel he be,  
Dispute naught, ac kepe aym,  
Wo thart and who hys he.  
Wat helpth hyt the crokke,  
That hys to felthe y-do,  
Aye the crokke to brokke,  
Wy madest thou me so?  
The crokke maytte segge  
Thou proud erthe of lompst,  
Ise felthe thou scholt lygge,  
Thou ert naught elles neyt.  
Rygt so may God answerye the,  
Wanne thou hym atwyst,  
Wat helpthe hyt so wran to be,  
Wanne thou wyth Gode chyst?  
Do naught so, ac mercy crye,  
That the tyde wors;  
For suiche al day me may y-se  
Encresseth here cora.  
Ac be thou wel, man, be the wo,  
Of gode ne tel thou naught lytel;  
For syker be that he let do,  
He let hyt do wyth rygte.  
Swech rygt scheaweth wyth  
God above, the hyt be hyd fram the;

Thanche namore for Godes love  
So heȝe pryveté.  
Ac thench thou nart bote esche,  
And so thou loȝe the ;  
And byde God that he wesche  
The felthe that hys in the.  
And thyȝ thou lange abyde,  
Ne atwyt hym nauȝt thy who ;  
Ac tyde the what by-tyde,  
Thou thenke hym evere mo.  
And so soum grace the by-tyde,  
Ac elles the hy for-gest ;  
For God wythstondeth hym that chyt  
And aȝe God wrest,  
Ase he wythstent the prouden,  
And myld grace sent  
To libbe amange the louden,  
Wenne other beth i-schent.  
Nou we seeth wel hou hyt ys  
Of thane oryginal ;  
Nou lest ou man do amys  
Thorȝ hys oȝene gale.  
Thys senne cometh nauȝt of thy ken,  
Ac thyself ech del.  
Tho seggeth thys leredemen,  
And clypyeth hyt accuel.  
Thys manere senne nys nauȝt ones,  
Ac hys i-schyt in thry,  
In thouȝt, in speche, in dede amys,  
Thys may ech man y-sy.

He that ne thynketh nauȝt bote wel,  
And speketh and doth al ryȝt,  
The man hys sekere of accuel,  
Ac he hys here so bryȝt.  
Ho hys he that al beth wel,  
The thoȝtes that he kakthe ?  
And who hys that spoke scheal  
A-ryȝt al that he speketh ?  
And wo hys he that al newe deth  
Wel al that he deth ?  
No man, no man, ac niȝt and day  
Thys men by-soyled beth,  
So as hy beth men ase we seeth  
Wyth sennes al thory therled,  
Many ys the senne that me doth,  
In tal the wyde wordle.  
Of senne ich wot by thyse ackyle,  
That ther hiis wel great host :  
And for the fend i-mut so fele,  
Ther-of hys alle hys host.  
And he arayeth hare trome  
As me areyt men in fyȝt ;  
For he sykth gode theawes  
Some aȝenes ham y-dyȝt.  
And ase God dyst theawes  
In alle gode men,  
The feend arayeth the schreawes  
In wykken ther-aȝen.  
Thys hys that fyȝt an erthe  
That al wynth, other lest ;

And ase the fyghtere hys worthe,

The cheveteyn hym chest.

Ac cheveteyn of senne

Ich wot that the fend hys ;

For wyse and alle kenne

Arayes hys amys.

And ase there in bataylle

O kynge bereth the beeth ;

Soe hyt were a gret faylle,

ȝef the host were eni heȝ.

Ther-fore me maketh prynses

The host to governi ;

And ase who welen the linses

To-gadere heldeth hy.

And ase al that hys here

By sove dajes geth ;

Of senne alle manere

Seve develen prynces beth,

That thene certeygne,

That Cryst kest out hyt seyth,

Of Marie Maudeleyne,

That goospel that ne weyth.

The ferst pryns hys prede,

That ledeth thane floke,

That of alle othere onlede

Hys rote and eke stoke.

For nys non of the syxe

That hy ne cometh of thane,

For myx of alle myxe

In hevene hy by-gan.

What answer I should

Of answer him it were

What answer I should

To him that were

What answer I should

To him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

What answer I should

Of him that were

For dedes that he wroute  
    Wanne menne hyȝt mytte se ?  
Who hys that never hoȝthe droȝ  
    To-ward hys that was ?  
Ho hys never ne kedde woȝ  
    In boste to hys sugges ?  
Ho neth wyth pompe y-schewed hym  
    ȝet other thane he was ?  
Nou ypocresy kepe nym  
    Regneth, hyt nys no leas.  
Ho yst that never was y-blent  
    Wyth non surquydery ?  
That hys wanne a proud man  
    Heth y-ment other thane hyt schel by.  
Wo that never ne dede thous  
    He wole prede by-fleȝ ?  
ȝef that kebbede eny of ous,  
    Ich woȝt wel that he leȝ.  
The man the hym wole afayty  
    Of prede that hys so heȝ,  
Fol wel he moȝt hys weyti  
    Bothe fer and neȝ.  
For ȝef he let to nothe  
    That he ne awayteth hy,  
Ich segge hym wel to sothe,  
    That ryȝt proud schel he be.  
For prede hys a senne of herte,  
    And bounté scheweth hy,  
Wyth kebbynges aperte  
    And weddynge manyable.

Thorȝ dedes of bostyngē,  
And atȝr stent and say,  
And other suche thynges  
That men usyeth al day.  
That other feend of onde  
Hys prȝns and chevetayn,  
That senne hys ryf in londe,  
And nauȝt hys hyre wayn.  
For sorwe he heth of gode,  
And harme hys hyre blysse ;  
Ine here pryacy mode  
The hert walt al thys.  
Thys senne hys over nyce,  
Ac holde schal hy be,  
The senne of meste malice  
Aȝeyns charyté.  
Wanne love hys here preye,  
Al for to confundy,  
And wyl het to by-traye  
That wolde gode by.  
Onde hys a senne of herte,  
And bounté scheweth hy,  
To harmy and to herte  
Wanne hey deth bacbyty.  
Wanne hy holdeth hy werches  
That god and hende beth,  
And othere southe plocches  
Scheweth wat onde deth.  
The thrydde senne hys wrethe,  
That so meche hys i-telde,

Hyt maketh blod and broche  
About the herte aneld.  
Wanne manne neth nauȝt hys thouse  
To wylle and alse thynthe,  
He compasyth venjaunce  
To hym that aȝen clenketh ;  
And so hyt fret and hys y-frete  
Evere megreté,  
And wanne hy het to meche hete,  
Hyt letteth charité.  
Inne herte hys thys senneȝinge,  
And bounté scleweth mod,  
Thorȝ cheste and mys-doynge,  
And wythdrawyng of god.  
Covetyse hys the furte,  
I-lyche dropesy,  
Wanne al that hys an erthe  
To hyre hys al besy.  
And hou hy habbeth hy verkth,  
And mannes herte by-set,  
Fram Gode and so thanne name y-keȝt  
Servise of Mamenet.  
That hy by herte senne  
ȝet boutte schentth hy  
To mochel amange mankenne,  
Thorȝ wrange and trycherye,  
Thorȝ ȝeskyng efter gode,  
Thorȝ borȝ and ȝemer ȝelde,  
Thorw wrechydnese of mode,  
And never more ful-felde.



The fyfte senne hys sleuthe  
Of that man scholde do,  
Hye breketh god treuthe  
Wyth God and man also.  
Wanne man leteth adrylle  
That he god zelde schel,  
And for-slaggyth by wylle  
That scholde men to stel.  
Of herte cometh thes senne,  
And schewe boutte also,  
Hou hy letteth mankenne  
Of that scholde by do.  
Hyt hys thorwe besynesse  
That men for-slewyth hyt;  
And other wyle thery ydelnesse  
God dede em do for-slyt.  
Glotonye hys the syxte,  
And hys me ine flesche y-do;  
And lecherye the nyxte in flesche  
Hys senne also.  
Ac glotonye entythyth  
To lecherye her,  
Ase that hy norysseth  
Hote brondes thet fere.  
Of glotonye hys foure,  
The boke speketh openlyche;  
To meche fode devoury;  
And to lykerouslyche;  
An do to freche to fretene,  
Wanne men hiis tyme heth;

And out of tyme to hetene,  
That none siknesse neth.  
Of lecherye cometh  
Wreche, foule speche, and foule delyt,  
Commune hordom,  
Spousbreche, incest, and sodomye.  
And hys incest wyth kenne  
The lecherye so ;  
And sodomyt hys senne  
Agens kende y-do.  
By-feld beth men in sleauthe,  
Ase glotonye hyt bryngeth ;  
And ofte hyt doth moni kepe,  
That man wakyng thencketh.  
Ac 3ef evyl hyt come nau3t  
Dealyche senne next,  
Ac hou hyt falleth y-lome ne3,  
Ech man nau3t y-wyst.  
Thyse manere sennes sevene,  
Ase he hys here i-se3eth,  
Me letteth men fram hevene,  
And al dedlyche hy beth.  
Wanne hy y-thou3t beth other y-speke,  
Other y-don in stat,  
A3e the lawe of God to breke  
The hestes that he hat.  
Of alle the sennes tha ther beth,  
Thos bereth that los ;  
For everech senne that me doth  
Longeth to some of thes.

Her-by thou myȝt, man, y-seo,  
 And hou here ende hys sour ;  
 Nou loke her-in *pur charité*,  
 And make hyt thy myrour.

*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham  
 quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui composuit  
 istam compilacionem de septem mortalibus peccatis. Et  
 omnibus dicentibus oracionem dominicam cum saluta-  
 cione angelica quadraginta dies veniæ a domino Symone  
 archiepiscopo Cantuariæ conceduntur.*

---

MECHE hys that me syngeth and redeth  
Of hyre that al mankende gladeth,  
    I-bore was here on erthe ;  
And they alle speke, that speketh wyd tonge,  
Of hyre worschype and murye sounge,  
    3et more he were worthe.

Thyse aungeles heryeth here wyth stevene,  
Ase he hys hare quene of he[ve]ne.  
    And eke hare blysse ;  
Over al erthe levedy hys here,  
And thor3out helle geth here power,  
    Ase he hys emperysse.

Cause of alle thyse dignyté,  
Thor3 clenness and humylyté,  
    Was Godes owene grace ;  
Wer-thor3 he ber than hevene kynge,  
Worschype hys worthy ine alle thyng  
    Ine evereche place.

Al that hys bove and under molde,  
Hou my3t hyt bote hyt bowe scholde  
    To hyre owene mede ;  
Wanne he that al thys wordle schel welde,  
To hyre worschipe hys y-helde,  
    For here moderhede.

Al thyng myghte wythout best  
 Hyt hereth God in here goste  
     In here holy thought ;  
 Ac hyt wythoute mannes y-mene  
 In body and soule in gost alone  
     To mannes hys brente.

Of hyre that hys thos dygne of take,  
 How myght ich of hyre songes make,  
     That am so fele of hyre ;  
 And thou me bode, suster, syngre,  
 And alle into one songe bryngre  
     Here swete joyen fyve.

To segge that ich hyt make can,  
 That am so oncommende a man,  
     Dur ich me nauht avanty ;  
 Ac tryste ich wolle to oure levedy,  
 And make hyt ase hyt wyle by,  
     And ase hy hy wolde me granty.

As man me hys by leave y-seth,  
 Joyen of hyre so fele ther beth,  
     Ne may hyt no man telle,  
 Ase hy hath of hyre leve sone,  
 Hyt passeth al mankendes wone,  
     And out of mannes spelle.

Four manere joyen hy hedde here  
 Of hyre sone so lef an dere,  
     Wytnes opan the Godspelle ;

And al cometh ofte the blysse,  
 That hye heth nou wythoute mysse,  
 So streames of the welle.

The wylle that hys in paradys  
 Fol wel by-tokneth thys avys,  
 Wyth here streames foure,  
 Thet orneth out over al that londe,  
 Nys never erthlyche man that fond  
 Hou fele come of the stoure.

Thys wulle hys God self man by-come ;  
 Of hym thys joyen beth alle y-nome,  
 And alle ine nout maner.  
 The furste was wyth concepcioun,  
 Tho the angel Gabryel come a-doun  
 Ine stede of messenger,

To brynge the tythyng by-fore,  
 That Cryst of hyre wolde by bore,  
 Mannes trespas to zelde ;  
 For to brynge ous out of helle,  
 Wo mytte thenche other telle  
 Wat joye ther y-velde.

In Nazareth the ryche toun,  
*Ave Maria* was that soun  
 Of Gabriele stevene ;  
 Tho was that mayde was y-gret,  
 And wyth a present wel a-geet  
 Fram vader oure of hevene.

So he was ine hyre y-come,  
For fleasch and blod of hyre to nome,  
    Ase the angel hyre seyde ;  
Ne hy of mannes mone neste,  
Ne hy ne breke nauȝt hyre by-heste,  
    Ac evere clene a mayde.

Seynt Johan the Baptyst onbore,  
Tho hy spek hys moder by-fore,  
    Ine joye he gan to asprynge ;  
Elyzabet wel that aspyde,  
Hou aspylede onder hys syde,  
    And made hys rejoyynge.

More encheyson hadde oure levedy  
Joyous and blythe for to be,  
    Wythoute prede and boste ;  
For in hyre selve hy hyne fredde,  
Fol wel hy wyste hou hyne hadde  
    Thorȝ self the Holy Goste.

Joseph kedde that he was mylde,  
Tho that he wyste hy was wyth chylde,  
    Away he wolde alone ;  
Ha nolde nauȝt he were a-slawe,  
Ne forthe y-juged by the lawe  
    To by stend wyth stone.

Ac Joseph was wel blythe aplyȝt,  
So to hym cam the angel bryȝt,  
    To segge hym wat he scholde ;

Wel blyththere myste be that may,  
 That was y-conforted al day  
 Wyth aungeles wanne hy wolde.

In thyssere joye we scholde by-louken  
 Al hyre joyen of vourti woken  
 The wylest he jede wyth chylde ;  
 Of hyre hyt was god game,  
 Ther-ine thet unicorn weks tame  
 That erthange was so wykde.

Thet other joye of hyre y-core,  
 Was of Jhesus of hyre y-bore  
 A Crystesmasse nyste,  
 Wythoute sorje, wythoute sore,  
 And so ne schal ther nevere more  
 Wymman wyth childe dyste.

For so hy hyne scholde ferst a-vonge,  
 Ther nys no senne ther amonge,  
 Ne noe flesches lykyng ;  
 Ther-fore of hyre y-bore he was,  
 Ase the sonne passet thor; the glas,  
 Wyth-uten onopenyng.

In suathe-bendes hy hyne dyste,  
 Ase hyt hys the chyldes ryste,  
 And jef hym melke to souke ;  
 Tha; hyt were thynstre of nyst,  
 Ther nas wane of no lyst,  
 The hevne gan onlouke.



Out com an aungel wyth great loom  
 Into the feld of Bedleem,

Amonges the schoperden,  
 Te telle that Cryst was y-bore,  
 Ther come singinde ther-fore  
 Of angeles manye verden.

Thanne sede he swythe wel,  
*Gracia plena, Gabriel,*

And that hys fol of grace ;  
 Wanne glorie of hyre hys fol above,  
 And pays i-grad for hyre love  
 Of angeles in-place.

The oxen and asse in hare manyour,  
 Tho that hy segen hare creature  
 Lyggynde ine hare forage,  
 Alone knowynge thaȝ hy were,  
 Hy makede joye in hare manere,  
 And eke in hare langage.

Ope the heȝe eȝtynde day  
 He onder-ȝede the Gywen lay,  
 And was y-circumcysed.  
 Jesus me clepede hyne ther-vore,  
 Ase aungeles er he were y-bore  
 Hys eldren hedde y-wysed.

Mochele joye hy aspyde,  
 The kynges thre that come ryde  
 Fram be easte wel i-verre ;

Gold, myrre, scor, were here offrynges,  
That he was lord and kyng of kynges  
Wel by-toknede the sterre.

Tho that he scholde y-offred be  
In the temple domini,  
Ase laze ȝef the termes,  
Symeon the olde man gan crye,  
And spek of hym fur prophecye,  
And tok hym ine hys earmes.

Tho ȝe was bote twelf wynter ald,  
And heȝhe ine the temple he seat wel bald,  
And thaȝ he speke smale,  
Many man wondrede on hym there,  
For to alle clerkes that ther were  
He ȝaf answer and tale.

A-lyve vertu was hys childehode,  
And so he com to hys manhode ;  
Ine flom Jordanes syche  
He was y-crystned, the hevene onleake,  
The Fader of hevene down to hym spake,  
The Gost com colvere y-lyche.

To thyssere joye longye scholle  
Alle the joyen that hyre folle,  
Of hyre chylde God,  
Fram than tyme he was y-bore,  
For al mankende that was for-lore,  
For he deyde one the roud.

The thrydde joye that com of Cryste,  
 Hadde oure levedy of hys op-ryste  
     Fram deathe harde bende,  
 Out of the sepulcre ther he laye,  
 Ase hyt fel thane thrydde daye  
     After hys lyves ende.

Wet joye of hym myste be more,  
 After swiche sorgynge and swyche sore,  
     Ase hys y-seye hine feye,  
 Thanne i-sye hys come to lyve agen,  
 And everest more a-lyve to ben,  
     And nevere eft to deye?

That he was hyf and strengthe and myste,  
 And that he kedde on Estre nytte,  
     Al ine the dawyinge,  
 Altha was an erthe-schoke,  
 And heveme above undertoke  
     Hys holy uppe-rysyng.

Thar down come aungelos whyte ine wede,  
 And that he was a-ryse hy sede,  
     And hare sawe was trewe;  
 That he ne have nauht under molde,  
 For to asaye ho so wolde,  
     Thane ston hys over-threwe.

Thas that he ine hys manboth deyde,  
*Dominus verum* that a seyde,  
     Tho the aungel here by-rodde;

That hys to seggene Godes myzte,  
Ine ryzte sothe hyt moste sitte,  
That godhoth wel hyt kedde.

Nedde oure levedy thyse blysse alone,  
Ac al hyre frendes in hyre mone,  
So meche was here the more ;  
For more hys blysse god and clene,  
Amonge frendes to habbe y-mene,  
After sorjyng and sore.

O that hy were blythe, tho hye were sizen,  
So glorious a-lyve wyth hare egen,  
Thet hy y-seye er in paygne ;  
Furst aschewed hym wyth a fayre chaunce,  
To here thet hys ensample of repentaunce,  
Marye Magdaleyne.

And so hygeye hyne Peter and sothenes hy alle ;  
And ther Thomas of Ynde a kowes y-falle  
Cropped hys holy wounde ;  
Thare he fond flesche and blod myd the bones,  
An nou he gan to crye loude for the nones,  
"My Lord ich abbe y-founde."

Houre Lord hym answerde in thet cas,  
"Thou levedest, for thou seze me, Thomas,  
That thou me haddest y-founde,  
Ac, Thomas, ich the telle, y-blessed hy beth,  
Tho that on me by-leveth and nauzt me seth,  
Ne gropyeth none wounde."

To thyssere joyen scholle be y-leyd  
 Alle the joyen that moze be y-seyd,  
     Ine wyttes other in mende;  
 Fram Crystes resurreccioun,  
 Wat cometh hys ascencioun,  
     At fourty dagen ende.

Ne for the joye telle ich may,  
 That fel opon the Holy Thoresday,  
     Opon a mounte yne heze;  
 He sez Jhesus and othere some,  
 Of flesche and blod of hyre y-nome,  
     Op into hevene steze.

Al ine joye was hyre mende,  
 So hy seze here and oure kende  
     Jhesus, hyre leve sone,  
 Into the blysse of hevene sty,  
 To agredey worthy scholde hy be  
     At hyre assumpcioun.

And yet ne were hyt nozt y-noz,  
 One to agredey hyre looz  
     And hez ine hevene blysse;  
 Ac oure also, hyt nis non other,  
 For he hys oure kende brother,  
     That leve we to wysse.

Ine hym ne schalt hyt nauzt lang be,  
 That we to hym ne scholle te,  
     Wanne we scholle wende hennes;

Ac schel on ous, that beth onkende,  
 Ne draȝeth nauȝt hys love to mende,  
 And wretheth hyne wyth sennes.

And ȝet he hys milde, and sparyeth some,  
 And ase he wente op he wole come  
 A domesday wel bryȝte ;  
 For to crye manne dede,  
 And after dede ȝive mede,  
 And jugement to ryȝtte.

Betere red nys ther non here,  
 For to be Crystes y-vere,  
 And hyȝ ine hevene blysse ;  
 Bote folthe of senne to by-vly,  
 And bydde God and oure levedy,  
 That hy ous helpe and wysse.

For hyre poer nys nouȝt y-leased,  
 Ac toup alle othren hys y-blessed,  
 Sothe wyf and mayde ;  
 Ase that Godspel telleth ous,  
*Benedicta tu in mulieribus,*  
 Elizabeth hyt sayde.

Al here joyen a lok Sounday,  
 And alle the that me aspye may,  
 That hyre and erthe felle,  
 Al fram Crystes ascencioun,  
 Al wat comthe hyre assumpcioun,  
 To thyssere lounȝy schelle.

The tyde yve of man knowe,  
 Not enough his hys man by  
     Not ther-of more suppe,  
 But that the glorious herte,  
 Out of fyre would the glorious ferde  
     With grette medye.

For much in the man his that figure,  
 For the effort of his signature  
     Was at an hevene gize ;  
 And in his man to hevene speche,  
 Thus be about, that man hys toche,  
     By man and mannes wyse.

Ther-fore his ther-of man y-wyte,  
 For man he not enough her y-wyte  
     Was his so he a stevens ;  
 As holy cherche der wel by-knowe,  
 That by he tholde some deathe thrope,  
     That lower that lyf of hevene.

Hyt his y-wyte that angeles brytte  
 To holy maane deathe alyte  
     Her an erthe leye ;  
 In holy boke his hyt i-nome,  
 That God hymself a wolde come,  
     Wanne hy scholde deye,

Ther-bye we mowe wel y-wyte,  
 That ther he naugt of y-wyte,  
     That Cryst hymself was there ;

**M**yd hym of hevene the ferede,  
**T**he eadi levedy for to lede,  
 Most here no fend offere.

**H**y wente uppe, my leve brother,  
**I**n body and soule, hyt nys non other,  
 For Cryst hys god and kende ;  
**T**hat body that he toke of hys ozen,  
**H**ou mytte hyt ligge amange the lozen,  
 Wythoute honour and mende.

**T**hanne ich dar segge, mid gode ryzte,  
**T**hat alle the court of hevene a-lyzte  
 Attare departyng ;  
**A**nd Cryst hymself azeins hyre com,  
**A**nd body and saule op wyth hym nom  
 Into hys wonyyng.

That hy hys quen, ase ich er mende,  
 Here grace hy may down to ous sende,  
 Hire joye to fol-velle ;  
 Ich hoppe hy nele nauzt let ous spylle,  
 For he hys al to hyre wylle  
 Of joye that hys the welle.

For of hyre wombe he hys that frut,  
 Were-of thes angeles habbeth hare dut,  
 And men hare holy fode ;  
 Elizabeth hy sede thys,  
*Et benedictus fructus ventris*  
*Tui*, Jesus the gode.



Of songe hys to then ende y-brout,  
Ase thou hest, soster, me by-sozt,  
    Ase ich hene myȝtte frede.  
Now synge and byde the hevene quene,  
Thet hy ous brynge al out of tene  
    At oure mest nede. Amen.

*Oretis pro anima Willelmi de Schorham, quon  
vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes.*

---

MARYE, mayde mylde and fre,  
Chambre of the Trynyté,  
One wyle lest to me,  
    Ase ich the grete wyth songe ;  
Thaȝ my fet onclene be,  
    My mes thou onder-fonge,

Thou art quene of paradys,  
Of hevene, of erthe, of al that hys ;  
Thou bere thane kyng of blys,  
    Wythoute senne and sore ;  
Thou hast y-ryȝt that was a-mys,  
    Y-wonne that was y-lore,

Thou ert the colvere of Noe,  
That broute the braunche of olyve tre,  
In tokne that pays scholde be  
    By-tuexte God and manne ;  
Swete levedy, help thou me,  
    Wanne ich schal wende hanne.

Thou art the bosche of Synay ;  
Thou art the rytte Sarray ;  
Thou hast y-brouȝt ous out of cry  
    Of calenge of the fende ;  
Thou art Crystes oȝene drury,  
    And of Davyes kende.

Thou ert the slinge, thy sone the s  
That Davy slange Golye opon ;  
Thou ert the 3erd al of Aaron,  
    Me dreye i-se3 spryngyn  
Wytnesse at ham everechon,  
    That wyste of thyne chyl

Thou ert the temple Salomon ;  
In the wondrede Gedeon ;  
Thou hest y-gladed Symeon,  
    Wyth thyne swete offryt  
In the temple atte auter ston,  
    Wyth Jhesus hevene ky

Thou ert Judith, that fayre wyf,  
Thou hast abated al that stryf,  
Olofernes wyth hys knyf  
    Hys hevede thou hym by  
Thou hest y-saved here lef,  
    That to the wylle come.

Thou ert Hester, that swete thyng  
And Assever, the ryche kyng,  
They heth y-chose to hys weddyng  
    And quene he heth a-von  
In Mardocheus, thy derlyng,  
    Syre Aman was y-honge.

The prophete Ezechyel,  
In hys boke, hyt wytnesseth wel,  
Thou ert the gate so stronge so stel

Ac evere y-schet fram manne ;  
Thou erte the ryzte nayre Rachel,  
Fayrest of alle wymman

By ryzte toknyng, thou ert the hel  
Of wan spellede Danyel ;  
Thou ert Emaus, the ryche castel,  
Thar resteth alle werye ;  
Ine the restede Emanuel,  
Of wany speketh Ysaye.

Ine the hys God by-come a chyld ;  
Ine the hys wreche by-come myld ;  
That unicorn that was so wyld  
Aleyd hys of a cheaste,  
Thou hast y-tamed and i-styld  
Wyth melke of thy breste.

Ine the Apocalyps sent Johan  
I-se; ane wymman wyth sonne by-gon,  
Thane mowe al onder hyre ton, ,  
I-crowned wyth tuel sterre ;  
Swyl a levedy nas nevere non,  
Wyth thane fend to werre.

Ase the sonne taketh hyre pas  
Wythoute breche thorȝout that glas,  
Thy maydenhod onwemmed hyt was  
For bere of thyne chylde ;  
Now, swete levedy of solas,  
To ous senfolle be thou mylde.

Have, levedy, thys lytel songe,  
That out of senfol herte spronge;  
Agens the feend thou make me stronge,  
    And ȝyf me thy wyssynge;  
And thaȝ ich habbe y-do the wrange,  
    Thou graunte me amendynge.

*Oretis pro anima domini Roberti Grosseteyte q  
dam episcopi Lincolnæ.*

---

In holy sauter me may rede,  
Hou God thourwe the prophete sede,  
    Davyd, y-wysse,  
That fol in hys herte sede,  
Ther nys no Gode, dar man nauȝt drede  
    To don amys.

Thesse hyt hys, so hyt hys grete doute,  
That thare be woxe of thare route  
    Mani and fole,  
That weneth ryt wythoute mysse  
That ther nys God ine hevene blysse,  
    Ne lelle pool.

That eny soche be crystene man,  
God for-bede, and nauȝt for-than  
    Wey soeth al day,  
That menye y-crystnedde were  
Fareth ryt ase hy nere  
    Nauȝt of the fay.

And manye of ham that beth so fele,  
That thaȝ me godne scele hem telle,  
    Nauȝt hyȝt ne ganth;  
Aȝen hy clappeth thys and that,  
And manye of ham not nevere wat,  
    Ne wat he menth.

To sechen hyt hys wel lytel prys,  
Reyson to telle thet hys y-wys,  
    Ac lete ham be ;  
For bote hy take a betere fay,  
Atte last hy goth to schame a-way,  
    Me may hyt see.

Ac ȝef thou wenst, man, that errour,  
That thare ne be no Sauveour,  
    Ne other lyf,  
And hyt be for defaute of lore,  
Lest now wat ich segge more,  
    Wythoute stryf.

And ȝef thou [be] y-lered man,  
And onderstant ȝet al for-than  
    No God ne be,  
Ich acsy the a questioun,  
And ase hyt longeth to reysoun  
    Andswere thou me.

The erthe hys hevy wythoute wylle,  
That wey y-seoth and by al styлле  
    To gonne throp ;  
What hou fareth hy that hy nasynketh,  
Ase here kende were hyt thenketh,  
    Ho halt ys op ?

Her-to me seyth, and heth y-sed,  
To healde hy op hyt nys no ned,  
    Ne nevere nes ;

For chaild ~~greatest~~ <sup>greatest</sup> ~~maner~~ <sup>maner</sup>.  
 And he ~~deprent~~ <sup>deprent</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~maner~~ <sup>maner</sup>.  
 His ~~maner~~ <sup>maner</sup>.

Ther, that he ~~folk~~ <sup>folk</sup>, ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~may~~ <sup>may</sup>.  
 By wyttene of ~~philosophy~~ <sup>philosophy</sup>.  
 And ~~clerke~~ <sup>clerke</sup> ~~folk~~ <sup>folk</sup> ;  
 And ~~folk~~ <sup>folk</sup> ~~ich~~ <sup>ich</sup> ~~may~~ <sup>may</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~maner~~ <sup>maner</sup> ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup>,  
 Ther hyt ~~hys~~ <sup>hys</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~ich~~ <sup>ich</sup> ~~schol~~ <sup>schol</sup>,  
 By ~~thys~~ <sup>thys</sup> ~~schol~~ <sup>schol</sup>.

The ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~maner~~ <sup>maner</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~maner~~ <sup>maner</sup>.  
 By ~~caste~~ <sup>caste</sup> ~~arysch~~ <sup>arysch</sup> ~~swyke~~ <sup>swyke</sup> ~~forren~~ <sup>forren</sup>,  
 As ~~ham~~ <sup>ham</sup> ~~y~~ <sup>y</sup> ~~worthe~~ <sup>worthe</sup> ;  
 By ~~weste~~ <sup>weste</sup> ~~hy~~ <sup>hy</sup> ~~grendeth~~ <sup>grendeth</sup> ~~alle~~ <sup>alle</sup> ~~thys~~ <sup>thys</sup>,  
 And ~~cometh~~ <sup>cometh</sup> ~~agen~~ <sup>agen</sup> ~~ther~~ <sup>ther</sup> ~~hy~~ <sup>hy</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~rysch~~ <sup>rysch</sup>  
 A ~~weder~~ <sup>weder</sup> ~~forthe~~ <sup>forthe</sup>.

Thos ~~myt~~ <sup>myt</sup> ~~wete~~ <sup>wete</sup> ~~wel~~ <sup>wel</sup>, ~~wo~~ <sup>wo</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~wolde~~ <sup>wolde</sup>,  
 The ~~wolkne~~ <sup>wolkne</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~clepth~~ <sup>clepth</sup> ~~al~~ <sup>al</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~mokke~~ <sup>mokke</sup>,  
 And ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~hyt~~ <sup>hyt</sup> ~~doth~~ <sup>doth</sup> ;  
 Ne ~~may~~ <sup>may</sup> ~~hy~~ <sup>hy</sup> ~~nanjt~~ <sup>nanjt</sup> ~~thanne~~ <sup>thanne</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~endeles~~ <sup>endeles</sup>,  
 That ~~thos~~ <sup>thos</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~go~~ <sup>go</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~hys~~ <sup>hys</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup>,  
 An ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~hys~~ <sup>hys</sup> ~~south~~ <sup>south</sup>.

Ac ~~saye~~ <sup>saye</sup> ~~ryt~~ <sup>ryt</sup> ~~thos~~ <sup>thos</sup>, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ich~~ <sup>ich</sup> ~~afowe~~ <sup>afowe</sup>,  
 That ~~everech~~ <sup>everech</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~hyt~~ <sup>hyt</sup> ~~mojt~~ <sup>mojt</sup> ~~alowe~~ <sup>alowe</sup>,  
 That ~~reson~~ <sup>reson</sup> ~~hent~~ <sup>hent</sup>,  
 Hyt ~~hys~~ <sup>hys</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~myt~~ <sup>myt</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~alle~~ <sup>alle</sup> ~~mytte~~ <sup>mytte</sup>,  
 That ~~halt~~ <sup>halt</sup> ~~op~~ <sup>op</sup> ~~therthe~~ <sup>therthe</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~sterren~~ <sup>sterren</sup> ~~bryzte~~ <sup>bryzte</sup>  
 About ~~i~~ <sup>i</sup> ~~trent~~ <sup>trent</sup>.



Thys ilke mytte, for hyt wel may,  
Bryngeth forthe a wyt of swete aray,  
Thet no swech nys ;  
For al that hys an heȝ and loȝe,  
Hit schift and ditteth ase hys oȝe,  
And so hyt hys.

Wat maketh sonne, mone, and sterren  
To certeyn go aboute and ferren,  
And faylleth nouȝt ?  
Hyt mot wyt and wysdom neade,  
Thet of the mytte thet ich er sede  
Hys forthe aragt.

Nou thou sixte wel hou hyt syt,  
Thys ylke myȝte and eke thys wyt,  
In oure boke ;  
The mytte hys fader of our crede,  
Wysdom the sone, for wyttihede  
That he forth toke.

Ever was thys ylke myȝtte,  
And ever worth, bye gode ryte,  
Ne say nauȝt nay ;  
Hou mytte hyt and eft by-gynne,  
Thet nede neth of none gynne,  
Ac al do mey ?

And ase hyt hys by-fore y-nome,  
Thaȝ that wyt of the mytte  
By kende wey ;

That wyt was evere natheles,  
The myztte nys never wytles,  
Ne by ne may.

Her-to acordeth oure fay,  
That holy cherche nez eche day  
Wel merye syngth,  
Ine a song ofte by note,  
*Quicumque vult* thet hys y-hote,  
Ryzt ase me singeth.

For ther hyt of the Vader seyth,  
And of the Sone to-gadere leyth,  
In boke y-set ;  
The Sone hys of the Fader alone,  
Engendred nauzt, y-mad of mone,  
Nes othe wat.

Folye hyt hys to meche to thynche  
Of the engendrure and thynne adrenche  
Of Fader and Sone ;  
So ase hy bethe, ever were,  
And sothe by-zete nevere nere,  
Elles me wone.

Ac nauzt forth than that hyt be soth  
Holy cherche to wytene doth,  
We wyten hyt wel ;  
I-lef hyt, other thou ert by-caut,  
For ho that nele by-leve hyt nauzt,  
To helle he schel.

And thelke Sone ȝet natheles  
Ryȝt ase the Fader hys endeles,  
    Ase myȝt and wyt ;  
ȝef ever was, ever was sone,  
For bethe reysoun and eke wone  
    Aloweth hyt.

Nou we habbeth Vader and Sone,  
Ase hye beth ryȝt ine persone,  
    And thancheysone ;  
Wat may the Holy Gost nou be,  
Persone thrydde in Trynyté,  
    Nou herkne reysone.

Thou sixt thet al that farth a-ryȝt,  
Be hyt thyster, be hyt lyȝt,  
    To acord hys wyve ;  
For ȝef ther were weyre above  
Amange the sterren, and no love,  
    Al hy to-dryve.

And bote a truwe love come  
Of thare myȝtte and tha wysdome,  
    Ne myȝt hyt by ;  
And ryȝt of ham he moste come,  
For wer-of elles te be y-nome  
    Can non y-sy.

Ever to lef that love were,  
For myȝtte and wysdom never nere,  
    Wythoute acord ;

.

For ȝef acord hem hedde y-faylled,  
Ar ayder other hedde asaylled  
Wyth wykked word,

Hou scholde myȝtte maky wreke,  
Other eny descord onder-take,  
Wyth eȝe wyt ?  
So nest ac ever weren hy,  
Thanne moste love ever by,  
Nou thou sixt hyt.

Thys love hys self that holy spyryt,  
Ther-to acordeth holy wryȝt,  
Ine thylke songe,  
That ich was embe oure faye,  
That holy cherche singeth a-daye  
At pryme longe.

The holy of Fader ryche,  
And of the Sone of other y-lyche,  
So he for-comthe,  
Nother by hete ne forthe i-wroȝt  
Of aȝt that hys, ne forthe of nauȝt,  
By lawe hyt nometh.

And ever was that holy spyryȝt,  
That ylke songe wytnesseth hyt,  
And more ther-to ;  
That hy schal by and hys and was,  
That Fader of hevene ryȝt endeleas,  
And Sone also.

ȝet our by-leave wole onder-gon,  
That thyse thre beth ryȝt al on,  
And nys no wronge ;  
Thaȝ hy be ine reyson dyvers,  
O God hyt hys, and stent in vers  
Ine thulke songe.

Thaȝ myȝte, wysdom, and eke love,  
Hy thre by ase ich sede above  
Divers ine worke ;  
Ine hem self o God hy beth,  
Nys non that aȝt elles y-seth,  
So god clerke.

And natheles ofte hy beth y-blend,  
Thyse clerkes wyth here argument,  
Ande gynneth lye ;  
Hare aȝe wyt hys hym by-kecheth,  
That God so sotylleche secheth,  
That syt so heȝe.

The Fader hys God, for he may alle ;  
The Sone hys swete, for he wot alle,  
Wythout crye ;  
The Gost hys God that oneth al ;  
ȝet ne beth hy bote o God al,  
Nauȝt Godes thry.

Thaȝ myȝtte be to the Fader y-leyd,  
And wysdome of the Sone y-seyd,  
And love the Goste ;

ȝet beth hy thre of one myȝtte,  
Of one wytte and love lyȝtte,  
    Thorȝ faythe hyt wost.

Nou thou syxt wel that encheysone  
Of oure by-leve, and eke reysone,  
    Thet o God hys ;  
ȝef thou thenkest forther hou hyt may be,  
Go nauȝt to niȝ hys majesté,  
    To thenche a-mys.

Nou hys al thys by skele ondo,  
And by leave alegged ther-to,  
    That God hys he ;  
Now we moste y-wyte more  
Of thyse wordle some lore,  
    How hyȝt may be.

Fader, thy worldle ever were,  
Other a some tyme nere,  
    And tho by-gan ;  
Everte mytte hy nauȝt by,  
Ich schal the telle reyson wy,  
    Sothe ase ich can.

For Godes myȝtte ande eke hys wyt,  
And eke hys wylle to soffry hyȝt,  
    So were woȝ ;  
For ȝe hys almytty, ase ich er sede,  
Al wys and wyl ine godhede,  
    That hys y-noȝ.

Ac ȝef he nedde thys world y-wrouȝt,  
And myȝte and couthe and dede hyȝt no

Hyt were a-mys ;

Ac hys almyȝtȝ hys of suche entaylle,  
And hys almytȝ hou mytte hyt faylle,  
Of thet god hys.

He made hyt al, nys hyt non other,  
And that of nauȝte, my leve brother,

He made hys werke ;

For er he a-gounne hys worke so merye,  
Nas nother fourme ne materye,  
Ne lyȝt ne derke.

Ne acombte nauȝt thy wyt and mo,  
To meche to thenche hou hyt was tho,  
Hyt nauȝt worth.

Hou man hyt myȝte wete ich not,  
For so to wytene ase God hyt wot,  
Comest thou nauȝt forthe.

Ac some mey acsy, war God was  
Tho nothyng of the worlde nas  
Ne great ne smal ?

Ther the worlde hys nou was he,  
And ȝet he hys and ever schal be,  
I-hole over al.

He hedde nede of none gynne,  
Ne ȝet hou neth, to wonye ynne,  
Thou kepe nym ;

yet the hys tyme is in mynde.  
 Sey God hyt make in ther wordle a-cōmōd,  
 At hyt tyme in hyt.

Thus hy mōde made in furthe gra.  
 yet over al in hyt y-mā.  
 Wythoute cryste ;  
 Naxt o del here another tyme.  
 As great bēdy as hyt were,  
 That al by-ghōt.

Thou wost he may by y-thing of me  
 Alle y-bodirne, and eke of the ;  
 Wel better ich pēryte,  
 He may by wel in drevens lōs,  
 Ryȝt al at ones, wel y-mōs,  
 That deith hys myȝte.

Thyse wordle he made, as ich er sode,  
 Al ase hy hys ryȝt nou in dede,  
 And lōs and beȝ ;  
 Ine the gynynge of holy wryt,  
 Hou he hy made ryȝt ther hyt syst,  
 Ich hyt y-seȝe.

Ine dāȝes sixe he made hyt ryȝt,  
 Hevene and erthe and wolkne bryȝt,  
 Thet water to dyȝt ;  
 Tren and gras and erthe dreȝe,  
 Sonne and mone and sterren greȝe,  
 That beth so bryȝt ;



Foghes, fischis inc the depe,  
 Bestes, wormes for to crepe,  
     And a-last man ;  
 So that hyt was god and sad,  
 Al thys world that was y-mad,  
     Of hym that cam.

Al hyt was god, wythoute lake,  
 Hard and nesche, wyte and blacke,  
     And al that was.  
 Nedes Godes creature  
 Moste be ryjt by nature,  
     Al sennes led.

3ef quead so were of Gode y-nome,  
 By ryjtte he myjtte be wythnome,  
     Ryjt ase a qued.  
 Ther-fore ne myjte he naujt do wrothe,  
 Ac schrewadnesse beth hym lothe,  
     And hys for-beade.

And thesse God self hyt for-beade,  
 Wannes cometh forthe al that quead,  
     So meche ther hys ?  
 And wel to donne apanyeth neawe,  
 Ac hym apayneth many a screwe  
     To do amys.

That God hyt soffreth, hou meny hyt be,  
 Seththe of so great myjtte hys he,  
     Thet 3ef ha wolde,

He myȝtte vor-do that hys quead,  
And lete ous libbe, and nauȝt be dead,  
Hyt thingth ha scholde.

Leve brother, ȝef he so scholde,  
By the syker that he so wolde,  
Ac he hyt nele;  
Ich kan the telle reyson wy  
He let y-worthe quead to by,  
Nou harkne skele.

That alther-ferste that god schop,  
That was hevene, ther nys no wop,  
Soth for to telle;  
For he hyt made of swyche aray,  
For alle manere blysse and play  
Ther to folfelle.

Ac o blysse hys nys nauȝt folfeld,  
War-fore that hevene hys al y-dueld,  
And ȝet nou werth;  
Ac ich schel telle wat hys that blysse,  
And so we scholle wyte to wysse  
Hou quead cometh forthe.

ȝef the by-falthe avancement,  
Of ȝef the that the was y-ment,  
Wel blythe art thou;  
And ȝef the falleth to be eyr  
Of a regne mechel and fayr,  
More hys thy prou.

Ac nys no blyse ne no feste  
Aseyne the joye of conqueste,  
    Thet hys thory god ;  
Ne mey me more joye aspye,  
Thanne wanne a man thory pur mestrye  
    Keth hys manhod.

And to great defaute hyt were,  
3ef no joye of conqueste nere,  
    So merye hys hy.  
Nou sixt thou thanne mytte beste,  
How joye that cometh of conqueste  
    Mot neades by.

Nys gryt stryf wythoute queade,  
And ther conqueste hys, stryf hys neade,  
    And som y-schent.  
Thanne nys hyt to God no wrang,  
To soffre queade the gode amange  
    To advancement.

For 3ef quead nere in none thyng,  
Ther nere stryf ne contekyng,  
    Ne no wythsey ;  
And 3yf stryf nere ne victorye,  
So scholde ine hevene that glorye,  
    Ac hyt ne mey.

Ther-fore ther hys a mastrye schreawe,  
Wyth hym mo beth and thet nau3t neawe,  
    And neades mote ;

For he hys heaved of schrewednesse,  
Ase God hys cheaf of alle godnesse  
And alle bote.

Hou mytte schreaudnesse by,  
Bote scherewen were by,  
That hy ferst thouzte?  
For God ne dede no quead in dede,  
For al was god, ase ich er sede,  
Al that he wroute.

Thes ilke screawe so hys hyzt barn,  
That into helle God at arn  
Ferst for hys prede;  
Ac God hyne makede fayr y-noȝ,  
Bryzt ande schene and heȝest in loȝ,  
Ferst ine hys dede.

Ac are he were y-mad parfyt,  
Ase Gode soffrede hyzt,  
He waux wel proud;  
He wolde sette hys sete ryche  
Of north half, and be God y-lyche,  
To be alowed.

And so he werry ferst by-gan  
Wyth Gode ine hevene, and ȝet te than  
Other wel fele,  
Wyth hym that helde wyth alle myȝtte,  
Angeles that God hedde y-mad bryȝtte,  
Ine alle wele.

Thys by-ganne schrewednesse,  
Op an heȝ ine hevene blysse,  
    The ferste day ;  
Hyȝt moste neades for the glorye,  
Elles hedde y-faylled fycorye,  
    Ac hyt ne may.

Ac alle hy weren y-dryven out,  
Wyth Lucyfer that was so stout,  
    Thoȝr Godes myȝtte ;  
Hy that ne hylde wyth the left,  
Stale woxe that nevere eft  
    Sene ȝy ne myȝtte.

Tuo skeles beth that me may wyte,  
That none nere y-mad parfyte  
    Ine hevene ferst,  
Er the bataylle y-ended was  
By-twexte God and Sathanas,  
    That now hys worst.

O reyson was for angeles gode,  
That chose a-ryȝt and faste stode  
    At thylke dede ;  
For that hy scholde thoȝ pur coqueste  
Habbe joye evere to leste  
    For hare mede.

That other reyson was for the devel,  
That he schal to mys-wende hys chevel,  
    Thoȝ hys malyce ;

So that folveld were the glorie,  
And hym seelf thorȝ noble victorye  
Lys al hy blysse.

ȝef hy heade be mad parfȝȝt,  
We nedde y-haved ryȝt no profȝȝt  
Ine hevене above ;  
Nou schal man be in hare loȝ,  
Ande habbe joye and blysse y-noȝ,  
And pes and love.

And seththe hyt moste nides by,  
Thet sothe schrewen were hy,  
Ase gode hyt mente ;  
Hou yst thet hy ine helle slabbeth,  
And thare tou none grace nabbeth  
To repente.

Suppose here hys o justyse,  
God and truwe in alle wyse,  
And wys of rede ;  
And dampneth theves for to ordeyne  
Peys in londe, nauȝt so weyne,  
Ne for quoadhevede.

Suppose he that schel hem spylle,  
And hongeth hy wyth grete wylle,  
And hys wel glad ;  
Ne he neth reuche of hys eny Cryste,  
Thaȝ hy nevere of thef the neste,  
Thes hys a quead.

For that he hys mansley the pur,  
 Of wylle of mysaventure,  
     To spylle blod;  
 And he that mente hyt that justyse,  
 Hys to preysy in thyse wyse  
     For hys wyl god.

So thou sixte that me may dytte  
 Qwead for gode, and that wyth rytte,  
     And so me deth.  
 And hy that doth hyt ine deade,  
 Wyth hare wyl of schrewedhede,  
     Dampnable beth.

Thos moze we wel by reysoun scheawe,  
 That this; God soffrede such a schreawe  
     Al for to spylle,  
 Hyt was for gode, ase ich er sede;  
 And Lucyfer, in hys mys-dede,  
     Was wykke of wylle.

And thare-vore dampnable he hys,  
 For he was to don amys  
     Tho that he mytte;  
 And God soffred that ylike dede,  
 For god come throu, ase ich er sede,  
     As God hys dytte.

*Nr hys nrs of god ne malice.*  
*That he hym soffrede lasse hys blyse,*  
*In alle hys wike:*

Al that he thoriȝ hys grace myȝtte,  
 Habbe y-don hym wilni that ryȝtte,  
 Now harkne skole.

Hyt ou by-come ine eche place,  
 ȝef echynge hadde y-lyche grace,  
 To joye and blysse ;  
 And ich mey ȝyven, and eke wythdraȝe,  
 Al that myn myn hys by gode laȝe,  
 Wythoute malyce.

Ne may nauȝt thanne God also  
 War he wyle hys grace do,  
 And eke wyth-draȝe,  
 ȝef he wole, wythout malyce,  
 And wythoute alle manere vyce ?  
 Nys nys god laȝe ?

ȝes, y-wys, god laȝe hys,  
 Thet hyt be al ase hys wyl hys,  
 Hyt wyle wel by-come ;  
 Nys non that conne dyȝte hyt bet,  
 Al thaȝ hyt thenche wel ou net,  
 Hys wyl to some.

Ther that God wyle grace ȝyve,  
 Ever to libbe hyt mot leve  
 Ine savement ;  
 And thar he wyle wyth grace wythdraȝe,  
 Nys nauȝt malyce, ac hyt hys laȝe  
 And jugement.



Ac wy he graunteth grace to one,  
And soche and otheren grauntyeth none,

Segge ich ne kanne ;

Bote thet hys hys pryveté  
Of hys domes in equityé

Wyth wel to thanne.

For ther nys nougt of thysse wylle  
Her to jugy, ac be we styлле,

We beth y-lete ;

For Davyd ous to wyten deth,  
In boke, that Godes domes beth

A groundlyas pet.

For hys ne may no wyt areche,  
Bot tho that hym self wyle teche,

He scheawyth hy ;

And the hevele hy beth pryvé,  
Al that y-ordeyned beth he

Mot neadys by.

Thus the devel y-dampned hys,  
And wyth hym also that beth hys,

Develen wel mo ;

For that the grace of God hym faylleth,  
Moche hys the pyne that hem eyleth,

And eke the who.

Wy hy ne mowe, ase ich er sede,  
Wel repenty of hare mys-dede,

Lest enne skele,

That ich schal segge, ase ich can ;  
Mo beth at thet longy te man,  
    Ne beth nauȝt fele.

Swythe fayr thynges hys that wyte,  
And ther by-syde bloke alyte  
    Wel y-dryȝt ;  
The wyte the vayrer hyt maketh,  
And selve more hyt blaketh,  
    And al hyt hyȝt.

The wyser man, the wyser soneth ;  
Ther thet menye foules dremeth,  
    And no reysone ;  
The merrer hyt hys ine batayle,  
Thet insykth al the vomen faylle,  
    And falle a-doun.

Thys lykynges hys for hevene blysse,  
That leste schal wythoute mysse,  
    Ase evere mo ;  
Thar hys so meche the more merye,  
The develys that me nauȝt ne derye  
    And helle also.

Hy thet ther beth so more y-sy,  
Wat peryl ascaped bey hy,  
    And be the blythere ;  
So that solveld the joye nere,  
Bote evere helle pyne were  
    And thrynne withere.

Ac wo beth werther for to by  
Ever in o helle, thane by  
    Ther sech gelt hys ?  
Thenne may be wel thys skele,  
Thaȝ grace faylth ham to wole,  
    No wonder nys.

And ase angeles the faste stode,  
For hever eft by-come gode,  
    And glad and blythe ;  
Ryȝt develen for screawedhede  
Ever ine force scholle brede,  
    And wrethe and nythe.

Ac tho hy hedde ine hevene y-topped,  
Wy nedde hy be ine helle y-stopped  
    For evere mo,  
Ac nauȝt her in thys myddelnerde,  
For to maky men offerde,  
    And to mys-do ?

For tho hye weren out y-cached,  
And ouȝt of hare loȝ arached,  
    For hare senne ;  
We moȝe weten hyt wel y-nou,  
That ase ydel was hare loȝ,  
    That hy weren ynne.

And one by comeleche thynges hyt were,  
ȝeȝ eny boȝ ther lothy were  
    Servynde of nouȝt ;

Thar-fore God made mannes scheffe,  
That ylke loȝ al for to crafte,  
As God hyȝt thoute.

Ac manne ne mytte nauȝt the glorye  
Crefte wythoute victorye,  
My leve brother ;  
For ȝef he nadde hyȝt thorȝ conqueste,  
Folfeld ne mytte be hys feste,  
Al ase another.

Thare-fore God made hym god and wys,  
And mayster over al paradys,  
Ac nauȝt parfyȝt ;  
For o trou thynne God for-bead,  
Ase he nolde nouȝt be dead,  
Nauȝt take hyt.

And god reyson was that hevere  
Nauȝt parfyȝt ase other were  
To-vore y-sed ;  
Ac ase he was y-mad of erthe,  
Ryȝt here an erthe hyt was wel worthe  
He were asayd.

Ther-fore nas helle nauȝt y-schet,  
Ne develyn ther-inne nauȝt y-dut,  
Ine thare crybbe ;  
For that hy scholde mau asaye,  
Wather he was worthe for to deye,  
Other to libbe.

Ac tho the devel hyt aspyde,  
That man hym scholde ther abyde  
    To be assayde,  
He thouȝte gyle al onder-go,  
For of thet he hadde her y-do  
    He was affrayde.

Nas wonder thaȝ he wede affrayd,  
For swythe wel he was anayd  
    Of mannes stad.  
For after God semblant he bere,  
And he thouȝte a thet hym wel er,  
    Tho he was y-mad.

Ac hys envie ageins man  
So great by-cometh, thet al for-than  
    He nolde lette,  
That he nold man afounde,  
And an hym bote he mytte stonde,  
    Hys venym sente.

And dede hym in an addre wede,  
That best was of mest schreuhede  
    Of alle beste ;  
Hyt moste neades screwed by-come,  
Tho that hy hedde me hym y-nome  
    Soche a tempest.

And he gan to the trowe glyde,  
That was for-boden, al forte abyde  
    After hys praye.

Ac sore hym drade for to frylly,  
And dorste naȝt Adam anylly,  
Al for to waye.

Ac wel hym thoughte that Eve nas  
Nast so stodefast ase Adam was,  
That was hyre lorde;  
And ase hy come, he gan here knowe,  
And to hyre speke out of the trowe  
Thys ylike word :

“ Leve Dame, say me now,  
Wy heth God for-bode hyt now,  
Thet he ne mote  
Eten of al that frut that hys  
Here growynde in paradys  
To ȝoure bote ?”

“ We eteth y-nou,” quath Eve, “ y-wys  
Of alle the trowes of paradys,  
And beth wel glad ;  
Bote thys trow mote we naȝt take,  
For bothe me and mynne make  
God hyt for-bede.

And seyde ȝef we ther-of ete,  
We scholde deye and lyf for-lete,  
And alle blysse.”  
“ Nay,” quath the fend, “ ac ȝo ne scholde ;  
Ac he wot fol wel wet he wolde  
That for-bead thys.

3e wot wel 3ef 3e ther-of toke,  
Wyth e3en scholde 3e forth loke,  
Ry3t ase godes ;  
And conne bothe god and quead,  
And never the rather be dead  
For hys for-bodys."

Thos he gan hyre herte ablowe,  
And hy se3 that frut ine the trowe  
Was fayr and god ;  
And et throf dame lykerouse,  
And maden eke eten hyt hyre spouse ;  
Hy weren wode.

Anon opened ther bothe hare e3en,  
And naked that hy weren y-se3en,  
And woxe of-schamed ;  
Wyth leaves hy helete hem ther-fore,  
Ne mytte hy noseng be for-bore  
To be y-blamed.

Ac tho hy herde God speke,  
Wel sone an hal by-gonne threke  
Wer thet hy mytte.  
"Adam !" quath God "wer my3tou be ?"  
Queth he, "Lord, tho we herde the,  
We were of flyzte ;

And nedes moste, Lord, to sothe,  
Al for that we beth naked bothe,  
Ase vole thynges."

Quoth God, "Thou hast y-schewed me  
That in myn house makest me.  
Best thoust ounges?"

Sede Adam wythertwene in God.  
"Nede ic y-trouke naty thy in-bode.  
Nt naty in al.  
Nede the wyman, Lord, y-ke.  
That to felde thou makest me.  
Hw! sede hw! me hw! al."

So sede God Adam in Eve.  
"Wt makest thou nat my-bewe.  
And thou my-wein?"  
At the sede Eve, so wep that wele.  
"The odre, Lord, with here gele  
Hest our y-schew."

Tho by-gan God speke to that woman,  
"For thou sweredst therne storm  
And alle thys hete,  
Accused be thou bestes by-ryde.  
Opone thy wombe thou schalt glyde,  
And erthe frete.

And ich schal makye contekbete  
By-tuyce thyne and wyves sede,  
And moche to pleny.  
So schal thy power be by-reved,  
That jef schal wyman trede thine beved,  
And thou hyre wayti."



So sede he, " Wymman here lere,  
Hou hy scholde al hyre children bere  
          Ine sorȝe and stryf ;  
And thet hy scholde lybbe her  
Evere ine mannes daunger,  
          Al hyre lyf."

To Adam seyde God of hevene,  
" For thou dedest by thine wyves stevene  
          Thet was for-hote,  
Ther hys acorsed ine thyne deade,  
In swinched then schalt thy lyf leade,  
          And ete ine swote.

Al wat thou art aȝen y-come  
Into erthe that thart of y-nome,  
          Thorȝ deathes bende ;  
For thou nart bote of poudre y-welt,  
And aȝen into poudre schelt,  
          Manne, at thyne ende."

Thorȝ the fend that hys oure vo,  
Thos by-ganne ferst al oure wo  
          Thet we beth inne ;  
An thos by-ganne ferst trecherye,  
Thorȝ the feend, and eke onnye  
          Manne for to wynne.

And wondervol was thys assay,  
And wonderlyche ȝede man away  
          Lyȝtlyche y-lore ;

And wonderlyche zet forth myt than  
Her ine thys world hys ever man  
To sorwe y-bore

Ac, crystene man, for al thys wounder,  
Loke that thou ne go nauȝt onder,  
Thouȝ wantrokyng; ;  
For sothe apreved hys thys saȝe,  
Bothe by the elde and nywe laȝe,  
Wythoute lesyng.

And skefol was thys ordinaunce,  
Thaȝ man by-volle so hard a chaunce,  
Thorȝ trycherye ;  
For thorȝ mestrye that he vorth droȝ,  
The feend in hevene has hys loȝ,  
Thorȝ pur māstrye.

Ryȝt also tho he gyle thouȝte,  
For to bryng man to noȝte  
Pryvelyche ;  
God Almyȝty that hys wyl wyste,  
Aȝeyns hym thoȝte go by lyste  
Also stylyche.

For ine the trowe death was kene,  
And that God made wel y-sene,  
Thet hyt for-bead.  
And ȝe weste that God hyt sede,  
ȝef man throf ete he scholde awede,  
And eke be dead.

Ac lyf was also ine the trowe,  
Ac that ne myȝte be nauȝt y-knowe,  
For God hyt hedde ;  
For hyt was pryvé for a wyle,  
Aȝe the fendes privé gyle  
The man for-ledde.

For nauȝt nas hyt y-cleped ne hys  
Trou of lyve in paradys ;  
Ac wyste,  
For ase man was thorȝ trowe by-couȝt,  
In trowe he scholde be for-bouȝt,  
That the fende neste.

And that was ine the holy rode,  
Thorȝ the schewynge of the blode  
Of Godes sone ;  
Ase ich her-after telle may,  
That he tok of a clene may,  
Aȝens wone.

Hedde he wyst ther hedde y-be  
Lyf for-boute ine the appel-tre,  
He nedde assaylled  
Nother Adam ne non of hys ;  
Ac are the worlde was and hys  
Was y-conseyled.

God wyste wel that man schold erry,  
And thorȝ onboxamnesse nerry  
Fram alle healthe ;

Ther-fore that consayl was wel trye,  
Aȝeyns the feendes foule envie  
To abatye welthe.

Thys consayl hou hyt scholde be,  
Al was y-consayled of thre,  
Ere eny tyme ;  
Of Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,  
That ich was embe that thou wel wost  
Ferst in thyse ryme.

And was that conseyl so y-tayled,  
That hyt ne myȝte habbe faylled,  
To bote of manne ;  
And certeyn tyme y-set ther-to,  
And hou hyt scholde be y-do,  
And wer and wanne.

And her mankende swank and dalf,  
Fyȝf thousand wynter and an half,  
And ȝet wel mo,  
Er thane the tyme of lyve come,  
And death man hedde for hys dome,  
And helle also.

Thet go so longe abod the skyle,  
Wel may be thys that on of vele  
To mannes mende ;  
For death scholde hys meystryes kethe,  
And for-sopil and for-sethe  
In deathes bende.

That myȝte ryȝt wel y-knowe,  
That he was ryȝt al one threawe,  
    And harde y-nome ;  
And the fend hyȝt myȝte wene,  
Thet men out of so longe tene  
    Ne myȝte come.

Ac her aryst question,  
Tho that Adam was broȝt a-doun,  
    And Eve also,  
Wet gelt hedden hy that tho nere,  
Thet hy to dethe i-schape were,  
    And eke to wo ?

Thou syxt, brother, by than by-fore,  
That oure aldren were al for-lore,  
    Adam and Eve ;  
For thar nas of ham no partye,  
That nas torned to vylanye  
    So to by-leve.

Ac now be wey of ham y-come,  
Wyth flesch and blod of ham i-nome,  
    Thet was abloue  
Thorȝ the fenym of the fende ;  
Thanne falth ous rewelyche by kende,  
    To soffry wowe.

And thos that chyld to nyȝt y-bōre,  
Thaȝ hyt deyde hyt were for-lore,  
    ȝef crystnynge nere ;

Thorȝ the flesch that hyt nome  
Of hys eldrene that hyt of come,  
That wykkede were.

And neades moste, leave brother,  
Ryȝt of ham come and man of other,  
And be nature.  
For elles nadde man y-be  
Nauȝt y-lych Gode in Trynyté,  
Thorȝ engendrure.

Thaȝ hy be thorȝ senne demeyned,  
So nas hyt nauȝt ferst y-ordeyned,  
Thy engendrure ;  
For tho man senezed in Paradys,  
Al chaungede that flesch a-mys  
To mysaventure.

Elles nedde hyt be no senne,  
Thy engendrure of al mankenne,  
In al thys wone ;  
Ac senneleas hy hadde y-be,  
Ase the engendrure in Trynyté  
Of Fader and Sone.

Ase mannes y-lyche y-mad of tre  
May nauȝt be al ase man may be,  
Inne alle thynges ;  
Ne Godes y-lyche, man, y-wys  
Ne may nauȝt be al ase God ys,  
Of hevene kynges.

For God the fader hys leve sone  
Engendrede out of alle wone,  
    Wythoute tyde ;  
Ac man hath certayn tyme of elde,  
Wanne he may engendrure zelde,  
    And tyme abyde.

THE END.











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